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The Literary Digest

FOR MARCH 27, 1937

Volume 123 • Number 13 • Whole No. 2449

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Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance or change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. *Both old and new addresses must always be given.* THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the *Post-Office at New York, N. Y.,* under the *act of March 3,* 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Cattle-Brained

By M. D. C.—

In your "Slips That Pass in Type," you run: "Pure Bred Milking shorthorn bull" with the comment: "He's got something there."

The slip, this time, is your own. The Milking Shorthorn is a breed of cattle—dairy as distinguished from beef. The slip was that the "S" should have been capitalized. Please apologize to the bull who pleaded his cause in that Owensboro newspaper.

St. Louis, Missouri.

We apologize to the Owensboro bull, all Milking Shorthorns of the male sex, to all and sundry except the contributor who sent in the slip. It's a horse on him!—*Editor.*

Drinking

By WALTER MORRITT, M.D.—

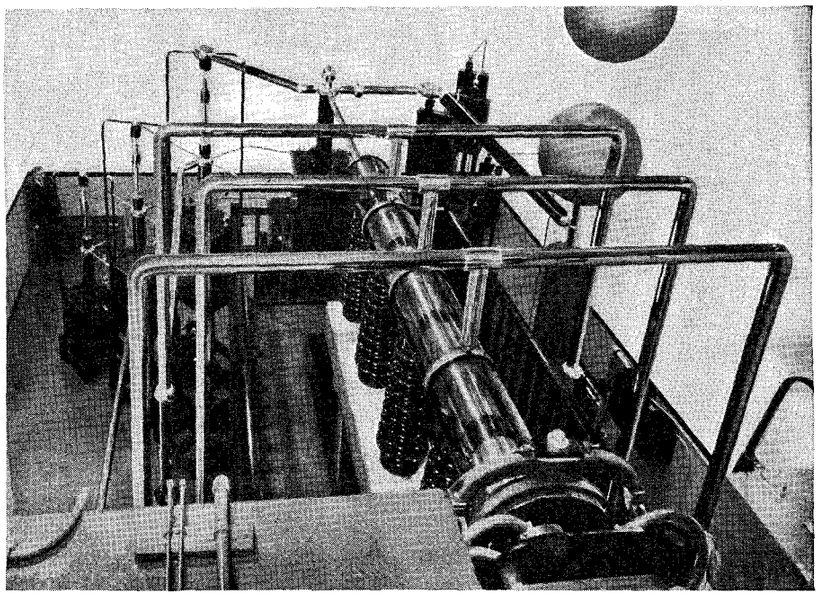
In view of the recent study your magazine has made of drinking in our colleges, may I suggest that our modern students are learning their lessons well: George Washington, the father of his country—*John Barleycorn,* the stepfather—thirst in war, thirst in peace, and thirst in the throats of his countrymen.

San Francisco, California.

By F. S. T.—

The shocking report on College Drinking in the March 6 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST leads me to wonder what is to become of our tottering civilization.

During Prohibition days a young Irishman returned to America from a trip abroad. He said he saw more people drunk in a day in a European city than he did in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in an entire year. Are these sophisticated College Presidents and Professors mere European copy-cats? Are floods, fires,



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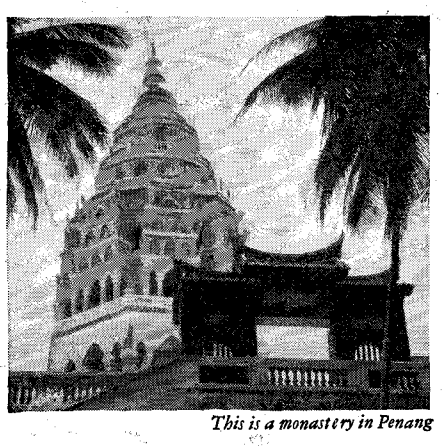

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earthquakes, tornadoes and dust-storms as devastating as potential drunkards and future criminals? Were those killed in the War so great a sacrifice as those who returned to America moral wrecks because they learned to drink abroad?

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

By MARY HARRISON COLE—

We would not deny young people the right to healthful fun and exchange of good-will. But we who have watched the second, and then the third generation grow into places of responsibility, and have seen our beloved country through so many alarms, have seen enough of life to know that the one whose ambition to "drink like a gentleman" today, will make the "drunken sot" of to-morrow, that resistance weakens as the habit grows.

We realize that you are "purveyors of the news" and report conditions as you find them. Our criticism of your article is that you seem to give it "with your tongue in your cheek," as if the conflicting reports of Presidents and their students is a huge joke.

To the patriotic citizen it is too humiliating to be funny. San Diego, California.

By G. H. YOUNG—

The leading article entitled "Great Boom in Student Drinking" in the issue of March 6 is disgusting, unnecessary and totally uncalled for in a magazine as high-class as THE LITERARY DIGEST. Surely you were not paid to do so by the wine, beer and liquor interests for the purpose of influencing all students to get into the drinking class.

The last statement in the article: "Instead of holding the men back, co-eds are saying, 'Let's have another!'" is slanderous. I hope the women students of all universities will take THE LITERARY DIGEST to task for publishing such an article.

Walhalla, Michigan.

By J. A. MOORE—

Your efforts to determine the extent and trend of the use of liquor in our educational institutions should meet with general commendation. The percentage of frank replies is much greater than one would expect, since the officials of these institutions are in particularly difficult situations.

Ashland, Oregon.

By "DECENCY"—

Your survey on college drinking—the collecting and assembling of the material—must have cost your magazine a heap of money. But in my opinion, both the money and space devoted to the article were wasted. At any rate, I didn't waste my valueless time in reading the stuff.

Of course, college students, both male and female, drink. And usually the "female of the species is more deadly than the male," because she is apt to think it is "cute," just as she thinks it is cute to swagger about the streets with a cigarette between her hand-painted lips or her yellowed finger-tips. I have very little respect for any of them.

Chicago, Illinois.

By HARRY GENTRY—

As a member of that generation who experienced the thrill of Repeal while attending one of our large State Universities, may I say that I heartily approve and indorse your recent article on college drinking.

I congratulate you on securing so frank an opinion from a large percentage of our college officials on this subject, and on assuring us that the old unfortunate collegiate attitude toward liquor, similar to the little boy smoking corn-silk out behind the barn, is at an end.

The change from tippling on the sly to open and gentlemanly drinking has been successfully completed. Hannibal, Missouri.

By HERBERT T. CONDON,
Dean of Men, University of Washington—

THE LITERARY DIGEST symposium on college drinking quoted one of our students as follows: "Excessive drinking is indulged in chiefly at fraternity-house parties when, once a year, house members rent out-of-town cabins for a three-day drunk."

Immediately upon receipt of this report, a resolution protesting this statement was unanimously passed by representatives of thirty-five fraternities. . . . As for the administration, it is difficult for us to understand why you would prefer the expression of a student, especially one who was not a fraternity man, to that of the Dean of Men, who, as adviser to the students, is charged with the responsibility of knowing what is going on in student life. The statement sent you by this office was rather full and, we thought, fair and conservative. Seattle, Washington.

Replies from 581 colleges made it impossible for the editors to balance opinions from each university. The excerpts used were intended to be representative of college opinion.—*Editor.*

Exiles

By A. E. BALUARTE, And Many Others—

We are 200 exiled *Apristas* from Peru gathered to-day in Chile, who write this note. We thank and we congratulate you on the article about Peruvian politics published recently in your well-known magazine.

After hearing Mr. Roosevelt's speech, in

(Continued on page 39)

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK MARCH 27, 1937

Topics of the day

WASHINGTON FEELS LABOR PRESSURE

House and Senate Awaken as Sit-Downs Spread Over Nation

"Labor must have the right to participate in the future of the Nation, economically, socially and politically."

From his oak-paneled office in Washington, John L. Lewis surveyed the national scene last week, calmly accepted the fact that the Senate and House had finally awakened to increasing disturbances among workers. Meanwhile, many trembled at what might be the outcome of disturbances in Detroit.

While most business men prayed that the words "sit" and "down" be thrown out of polite speech, Washington began to feel the pressure of thousands of strikes involving factories, shops, hotels, ships, restaurants, husbands and wives.

Everywhere, people began to agree with Lily Pons, diminutive opera diva. During last week's Detroit hotel sit-down episode, she found herself stranded on the twelfth floor. Unable to obtain any service other than sympathy, the French singer is said to have trudged down the stairs, bags in hand, muttering:

"This is a crazy situation."

Not Fooling—John L. Lewis indicated to the press that labor is not fooling, intends to get more than a foothold in industry. Asked if all labor wanted was a living wage, he replied:

"No, not a living wage. We ask more than that. We demand for the unskilled workers a wage that will enable them to maintain themselves and their families in health and modern comfort, to purchase their own homes, to enable their children to obtain at least a high-school education and to provide against sickness, disability and death."

The Labor Front

The New York *Times* surveyed the nation on the strike situation, found the following:

New York: No major labor conflicts.
New Jersey: Three sit-down strikes.
Boston: Peaceful.
Philadelphia: Twenty-three strikes, affecting 16,500.
Richmond: Quiet, yet apprehensive.
Atlanta: Calm.
Ohio: Eleven strikes, affecting 12,670.
Michigan: Strikes multifold, 93,000 affected.
Illinois: Seventy-two strikes, affecting 20,000.
St. Louis: Six strikes, 2,750 affected.
Kansas City: Quiet.
San Francisco: No major strikes.
Dallas: Sporadic minor strikes.

Lewis deserted New York negotiations with coal-mine operators long enough to hasten to Washington, discuss the national labor situation and the Chrysler strike in particular with Edward Francis McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor. He refused to comment on assertions that the wide-spread strikes were leading the country to fascism, communism, civil war, open lawlessness or rebellion. He also declined to comment on charges and counter-charges that the Government was sympathetic or opposed to "sit-down" tactics.

One nationally famous preacher, John Haynes Holmes, made labor the basis of his sermon last Sunday. Hinting that the churches were largely behind the cause of labor, he quoted from last week's Encyclical of Pope Pius:

". . . justice above all, which should induce employers and the wealthy to recognize the inalienable right of the working man to a wage sufficient for himself and his family, and safeguard, even in labor, his lofty dignity as a man and a child of God."

Moot Status—Whereas the Supreme Court again declined to render opinions on the constitutionality of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, the legal status of strikers of all sorts became an increasingly moot question.

Both capital and labor cocked an eye as United States Judge George A. Walsh was asked to render a decision on the legality of sit-down strikes in the case of the Rosedale Knitting Mills at Laureldale, Pennsylvania.

In Washington, a conference of Eastern law students at the Catholic University of America received a shock. In an address, James M. Landis, Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, hinted that, under 1937 concepts, the sit-down strike might be considered legal.

"Because of the absence of any relationship such as the lockout possesses to property, this new claim of workers to prevent all production finds itself with doubtful traditional justification," he said.

"The eventual outcome of such a claim will depend in part upon the emphasis that law will give to the concept of property and its inviolability in its industrial and corporate setting to economic pressure of this type—and in part, perhaps, on the capacity of our law to devise new concepts and mechanisms to meet the needs out of which this type of economic pressure has been born."

Congress Fireworks—With bombshells on the President's Court plan popping with less regularity, fireworks in Washington were devoted to verbal flares about the sit-down epidemic.

"Traitor," was the epithet thrown at John L. Lewis by Sen. Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana. The Senate, scheduled to discuss the half-billion-dollar Naval Appropriations bill, spent virtually an entire session arguing about the strikes. Sen. Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina further blamed Lewis, saying his aim was

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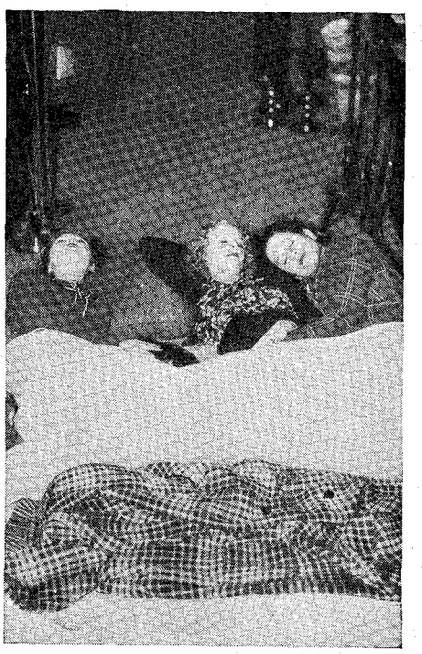

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5 & 10 salesgirls relax . . . await arbitration

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"to get exclusive control of labor and thereby the industry of the country." Sen. Hugo L. Black of Alabama threw out hints that the sit-down strike situation was being tolerated by the Administration to be used as a weapon in its campaign for Supreme Court reform.

In the House, Representative Hoffman of Michigan charged that the President was taking "his labor orders" from Lewis and Cox of Georgia denounced the sit-down strike as "anarchy in its worst form" and "a disgrace to the country."

Sen. William E. Borah of Idaho blamed sit-down strikes on monopolies. Justice Ferdinand Pecora of the New York State Supreme Court told the Senate Judiciary Committee that the United States Supreme Court was to blame for the strikes.

President William Green of the American Federation of Labor accused Lewis of seeking the Presidency of the United States.

Westbrook Pegler, Scripps-Howard columnist, deserted his income-tax investigations long enough to note:

"The sit-down strike is a communist device, but the communists surely can't be very bright, because every sit-down in this country brings fascism nearer."

JUSTICE TALKS: McReynolds Defends Supreme Court at Fraternity Affair

It was not by accident that an Associated Press reporter tucked a pencil in the pocket of his tuxedo after he had finished dressing for his annual Phi Delta Theta banquet in Washington last week. Brother James Clark McReynolds of the United States Supreme Court was to be the guest speaker. Once* he had impulsively voiced the conviction that "the Constitution is gone!" There was every chance that he might, on this occasion, regale his fellow banqueters with a few special words on the Great Issue of Court-enlargement.

The reporter's hunch was a good one. Observed Phi Delt McReynolds, obviously referring to Presidential impatience with aging judges: "I have taken an oath to do justice to the best of my ability. . . . I try to protect the backwoodsman in the hills of Georgia as well as the man of wealth in a mansion on Fifth Avenue. . . . The evidence of good sportsmanship is that a man who has had a chance to present a fair case to a fair tribunal must be a good sport and accept the outcome!"

Here was news, for not in six weeks of contentious nation-wide debate had one of the Nine crept so far out of his judicial shell as to refer, even by implication, to the Roosevelt proposal. Almost by way of apology for having broken the Court's tradition of aloofness, Justice McReynolds explained on the following day: "If I had had any idea that my remarks were to be taken down, I probably would not have made them."

*On February 18, 1935, after the Supreme Court's pro-New Deal decision on the "Gold Clause."

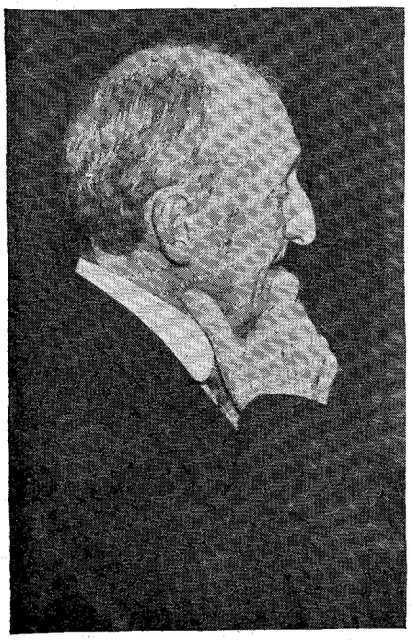
What Hughes Said in 1907

Mr. Hughes made a statement, but the statement is what the newspapers say it is:

(Many an ardent pro-Roosevelt newspaper has accused the courts and the lawyers of "laboring and distorting" the law by, as one of them put it, "seizing upon certain words and phrases and lifting them from their context." Not a few such newspapers have gleefully reprinted certain words of the Chief Justice purporting to cast reflection upon the courts: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is.")

What Charles Evans Hughes, then Governor of New York, actually said—at a Chamber of Commerce dinner in Elmira on May 7, 1907—was:

"I have the highest regard for the courts. My whole life has been spent in work conditioned upon respect for the courts. I reckon him one of the worst enemies of the community who will talk lightly of the dignity of the bench. We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is, and the judiciary is the safeguard of our liberty and of our property under the Constitution. I do not want to see any direct assault upon the courts, nor do I want to see any indirect assault upon the courts."



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Justice McReynolds was puzzled when his confidential statement was made public

Pictures, Inc.

William Green whispers to Tom Connally, but speaks up to the rest of the Judiciary Committee

It was one of two high spots in a dull week of Court news. The other was the decision of the opposition press that the President wanted to appoint six men of his own views to the high bench, not because more and younger Justices were needed to keep the docket clear, nor because the New Deal social program had to be pushed through to immediate enactment, but for a more startling reason.

Wrote Columnist Dorothy Thompson: "The President is looking for increased powers in order to deal with a crisis which in his first speech he described as the responsibility of 'meeting human needs.' And apparently 'meeting human needs' is a Rooseveltism for extending control over prices and wages, in order to avoid a serious inflation. . . ." (See page 38.)

Asserted Mark Sullivan: ". . . Mr. Roosevelt will soon put his pressure for a change in the Supreme Court on the ground that with the coming of the economic emergency he predicts he will need drastic powers to deal with it. . . . The theory is widely held, and seems probable, that Mr. Roosevelt, consciously or unconsciously, had the apprehension of a crisis in mind and was moved perhaps by some sense of alarm when . . . he launched his Court proposal. . . ."

Fears Boom Repetition—Originally advanced by Walter Lippmann a fortnight ago, this conclusion was supported last week by none other than New Dealer Henry Agard Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. "All of us are afraid of a repetition of the 1929 boom," he told reporters. "We don't like this flash-in-the-pan thing. . . . I think very definitely that the Government does not have sufficient power now to effectively mitigate the wide swings of the business cycle. . . ."

Witnesses who appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee on behalf of the President's plan made no mention of this angle of Court-enlargement, but confined themselves to continuous hammering on the point of keeping the Nine in tune with the times.

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, stepped out of John L. Lewis' shadow for a moment to put Labor solidly behind the White House. He attacked close decisions against the New Deal, adding: "This does not mean that those who serve on the Supreme Court for a long number of years, living separate and apart from the economic and industrial life of the nation, are hostile to social progress and social betterment.

"The probabilities are that if the facts are brought to their attention and they are able to understand them, they will be better qualified to place a broad and liberal interpretation upon the Constitution. . . ." Six new men could bring the "facts" to the attention of the older members, he thought, and square their perspective with the 1937 view-point.

Will Judges Appear?—As college professors, law school deans and labor leaders marched one by one before the Committee to contribute their tithe of logic to the President's cause, observers wondered if the real star witnesses in the case—the Justices themselves—would be asked to appear in their own defense.

"If any of the Justices expressed a desire to be heard, of course the Committee

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will extend the courtesy of a hearing," said Chairman Henry F. Ashurst last week after the voluntary remarks of Mr. Justice McReynolds. But tho the Committee voted to request the Clerk of the Supreme Court, Charles Elmore Cropley, to supply information on the state of the high tribunal's docket, it did not seem likely that the Nine would ever be asked to make a personal appearance.

Said Chief Justice Hughes' secretary last week apropos this point: "The Chief Justice has no statement on the matter at this time."

SPY PROFITS: La Follette Follows Father as Senate Investigator of Industrial Troubles

The dime-novel, mystery-movie fan, fattened on a diet of rough-and-tough, thrill-loving, shoot-to-maim sleuths has been cruelly disillusioned during the past eight weeks. The persistent cross-questioning of two Senators perched on a carved wood dais in Washington has revealed that the flesh-and-blood "Pinkerton man" or "Burns man" spends his days and nights shadowing, not international jewel thieves, but unarmed steel puddlers, section foremen and assembly line mechanics.

In the past fortnight, for example, officers of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency have admitted that their firm grossed $129,194 during the first half of 1936 on the work of their labor spies. Their defense of the highly specialized profession of supplying industrialists with undercover men to report on union activities: "It's an employer's duty to know what his men are thinking about."

Of no less significance than the exposé was the No. 1 exposer behind it. By design or accident, the trials and tribulations of American Labor are serving to refix "Young Bob" La Follette in the public eye as the plumed Knight of Liberty, a very possible white hope for 1940, when Labor may be seeking a man.

Crusader—A year ago, when Labor was seeking a man to ferret out the truth about employer espionage, it came to the son of "Fighting Bob." The man from Wisconsin responded by persuading the Senate to approve establishment of a special subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor to investigate all "violations of civil liberties." The $15,000 budget which a cautious Senate provided, however, was only enough for a start. So Young Bob started with Labor's end of the argument. With Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, he got down to cases.

Three questions confronted him: How extensive is the use of spies, strike-breakers and munitions by American industry? Why are they employed? Who furnishes them? To find the answers, the Civil Liberties Committee subpenaed officials and files of five big detective agencies (the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, National Corporation Service, Corporations Auxiliary Company, William J. Burns International Detective Agency) and three munitions firms (Federal Laboratories, Lake Erie Chemical Company, Manville Manufacturing Company). Where there was reason to suspect that files had been scrapped, cynical investigators dove into waste-baskets and came up red-faced but happy with bits of letters that could be pieced into a paper-and-paste mosaic of telling evidence.

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Father and son: "Fighting Bob" La Follette left the battle for progressivism to Bob, Jr.

Charges—By August, the inquisitive La Follette and the scholarly Thomas (who is given to quoting the Latin poets on the floor of the Senate chamber) were ready to fire embarrassing questions at their witnesses. Into the public lap they presently tossed a brace of unadorned and well-supported charges: (1) through an elaborate system of espionage, industry had for four years been keeping tabs on organizing activities among employees; (2) detective agencies supplied not only spies but equipment for breaking strikes—and were handsomely paid for such services.

The net income of the Pinkerton Agency jumped from $76,760 in 1933 to $268,703 in 1934 and almost the same amount in 1935. The Burns company fared at least as well. A third of this income was from "industrial" work, a euphemism for gumshoe sleuthing among the employees of nervous industrialists.

An operative, or "hooker," entered the employment of a Pinkerton or Burns client, eavesdropped, won the confidence of workers who talked union, mailed daily reports to the home office of what was going on.

On the basis of evidence—often imaginary—in the reports, the employer would proceed in ruthless fashion, asserts the La Follette Committee. He would "disperse lesser sympathizers by threat of dismissals and summarily discharge the more important ones." Sometimes he would hire thugs "to beat them, even into unconsciousness." Sometimes he might blacklist them.

Clients—Once strikes had broken out, the agencies were in a position to furnish promptly and in plentiful numbers strike-breakers and guards recruited from hearts of the big cities—Times Square in New York, Randolph Street in Chicago's Loop, Reading Depot in Philadelphia. Munitions companies shipped tear and nauseating gas ($450,000 worth of it during the period 1933-'36) to sore spots.

The more La Follette uncovered, the more eagerly he dug for further revelations. Industry groaned, hedged, alibied. To the La Follette ear, the applause of the working man must have sounded the louder. Big Business found it more difficult to reach the La Follette ear.

Some industries—like General Motors, which spent $839,764 during 1934 and 1935 for detective services—admitted that high pressure salesmen had sold them on the idea of using trained undercover men to "keep abreast of the labor situation," but pooh-poohed the value of information obtained through espionage. Retorted La Follette: "Labor espionage is demonstrated and proved to be one of the most effective weapons in destroying genuine labor collective-bargaining activities on the part of workers."

With this conclusion, impartial observers who followed in the press the revelations of the Civil Liberties Committee readily agreed. But they were also in agreement on another important point: That the Committee should proceed further on its present task, to the investigation of violations of civil liberties by labor itself. In this connection, Commentator Boake Carter observed recently: "There is just as much spying done by labor upon labor as there is by management upon labor. . . .

Dignity and Fairness—"Thousands of workmen pay hard-earned cash in dues for fear that if they don't they'll wake up some morning with their house smeared in red paint or, worse still, maybe in the hospital."

The degree of effectiveness of a Senatorial investigation is the measure of the man who directs it. Washington correspondents noted last week that for dignity and fairness the Civil Liberties inquiry is on a par with the late Thomas J. Walsh's Teapot Dome investigation of 1922-'23. This is the measure of Young Bob La Follette, who walked on the political stage twelve years ago in a pair of shoes at least five sizes too large for him.

By general consent, he has grown into his father's shoes—or has proved that they

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always were a good fit. At forty-two, he is in the enviable position of being able to look either backward or ahead with satisfaction—backward upon twelve years of vigorous service in the Senate, forward to 1940, when his Party may ask him to take the first step toward a political realinement which will bring Farmers and Labor together under the banner of Progressivism.

Young Bob's success formula has had two components: (1) the name La Follette and the heritage of liberalism which his father bequeathed him; (2) intelligence and a capacity for hard work. To make the latter take precedence over the former in the minds of his constituents has been his most difficult task. As a plump, pink-cheeked boy, he tagged along behind the elder La Follette through speech after stormy speech; as a young man of twenty-four he was his father's official secretary; when Fighting Bob died, Wisconsin, as a tribute to his memory, sent the thirty-year-old son to Washington in his place.

Economic Foresight—Comparison was inevitable, and he set about building a reputation of his own to stand on. In the Progressive spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, he called upon the Senate to investigate the Ward Food Products Company, textile strikes in New Jersey, the Pennsylvania anthracite companies, the Department of Justice. In 1928, he presented a striking example of economic foresight by demanding that his colleagues look into the possibility of collecting statistics on unemployment, of establishing a nation-wide system of public employment agencies, of laying down a program of public works to stabilize employment, of curtailing Federal Reserve credit. There had been fifteen depressions, he reminded the Senate; inevitably, more would come.

Young Bob has evinced none of the impulsiveness, none of the passionate conviction, none of the oratorical fervor commonly associated with his sire, but he is much more of a political strategist. In 1934, he and his brother Phil, Governor of Wisconsin, led the Wisconsin Progressive flock out of the Republican fold, collected 130,000 signatures for a petition asking that the Party be placed on the official ballot, and rolled into office on a flood-tide of liberalism in the State.

Self-Reliant—To-day, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., is his own introduction.

As a firm believer in public ownership of railroads, public development and operation of electric power, government control of munitions factories, and the workers' right to organize when and howsoever they please, he is theoretically qualified to lead Progressives out of Wisconsin into a national campaign.

NO TATTLE-TALE: The Social Security Board Won't Inform on Erring and Missing

Dear Madam:

We regret to inform you that the Social Security Board can not help you find your missing husband. . . .

Little known side-line of the New Deal's Social Security Board, the business of notifying private citizens and police authorities that *Uncle Sam* can't squeal on roving husbands, wives, sons, daughters, bank cashiers, heirs, bootleggers and friends keeps a dozen girls busy in the huge plant at Baltimore.

This week, Board officials revealed that more than 10,000 such requests had been received since the first of the year. Mostly, they fall into five categories: (1) wives seeking husbands; (2) people seeking relatives; (3) attorneys seeking heirs; (4) lonely folks seeking friends; (5) persons abandoned as infants wanting to know if people of the same name might be *Aunt Hattie.*

The only police inquiry received so far was turned down. Came from a city where a man cashed several rubber checks, using his Social Security card as identification.

KEEPERS' CO-OP: Wife's Murder Discloses Popular Community Rendezvous

Erring husbands shuddered throughout the nation last week, watched their p's and q's—that is, if they had read of the alleged behavior of a sextet of prominent Ohio business men, previously considered as models of propriety and respectability.

What the newspapers call America's first cooperative love-nest came to light in Akron. Accident that led to the discovery was a murder in Canton, twenty miles distant, which has sent police in the entire vicinity scouting for sin.

Mrs. Rose Cable, forty-eight-year-old Sunday school teacher, was shot and killed one midnight a fortnight ago by 273 slugs of birdshot, fired from a .410-gage double-barreled shotgun through the breakfast-room window of a luxurious home in the fashionable Northwest district of Canton.

Mystery immediately surrounded the deed, as clues were few and far between. Her husband, Deuber S. Cable, wealthy contractor, was said to have been in Cleveland on the fatal night, working on a deal for Republic Steel's $15,000,000 strip mill.

Who had committed the murder? What were the motives?

Domestic Strife—In the investigation, police heard rumbles of domestic strife in the Cable household. Friends had many versions.

Mrs. Cable had known for several years, some maintained, that her husband was keeping a mistress.

Pouncing upon this clue, they uncovered that Cable had kept Mrs. Theresa Ludwig Bail, a plump divorcée, in an apartment near his own home in Canton at one time. Mrs. Cable had threatened divorce, given up the idea when told the affair was over.

But the pair allegedly continued the relationship in Akron in a five-room apartment at the Chateau Hill, 26 East Talmadge Street. They were said to have been registered as Mr. and Mrs. John Sherrard. Altho the rental was only $45 monthly, Cable admitted that it cost him more than $250.

It was a handy stopover on his many business trips from Canton to Cleveland and back. Gradually, Cable is said to have told friends about the convenience and they, too, managed to throw a party or two. For these the apartment was reputedly well supplied with liquor, champagne, saucy magazines and other gay trappings.

While in Florida last month, Mrs. Cable

Pictures, Inc.

Deuber Cable, cooperative love-nest leader

is said to have learned that Mrs. Bail, who had just preceded her in the sunny South, was back at the Akron love-nest. While on a "second honeymoon" yachting cruise, she is reported to have told her husband that her divorce threat of several years ago would hold again if he didn't give up his nattily dressed, bespectacled paramour.

Threats Told—Returning to Canton, Mrs. Cable told the wives of other "whoopee" makers at the Akron rendezvous. Jointly, they hired private detectives to trace the menfolk, report on all the giddy, illicit happenings. Then she is said to have told intimate friends: "My life has been threatened."

En route to Cleveland the day of the murder, Cable is said to have stopped off for breakfast with Mrs. Bail, quarreled. She is alleged to have charged him with spending too much money on his wife. During this scene he is supposed to have phoned a Canton auto salesman, ordered a new car for his wife for her birthday.

Police held Cable and Mrs. Bail for investigation. Both denied connection with the murder. After preliminary questioning, they were spirited away. William Simpson, diminutive and aging lawyer for Cable, was pitched bodily out of the jail when making inquiries. Mrs. Bail refused counsel, stating even a "third degree" questioning had only made her alibi more firm—that she was many miles away at the time of the crime and made Cable admit that at no time had she been overly jealous of his wife.

Lean, forty-seven-year-old Cable was scornful of lie-detector tests.

"That thing," a detective quoted him, "is screwy. It showed truth when I lied on purpose and lies when I was telling the truth." Several rewards for the capture of the murderer were posted and Mayor James Secoombe promised that "the town's worst crime in many years" would be solved very shortly.

Famous Nests—Breach of promise, alienation of affections and contested divorce actions in the past fifty years have disclosed a number of love-nests around the country. By number of cases brought to

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light, New York, Florida and Hollywood lead the list as preferable sites.

Most highly publicized case in which the words "love-nest" were featured in head-lines was the Stillman-Flo Leeds affair.

The murder of Louise Lawson, Broadway butterfly, in 1924, eventually brought out that she was being kept by the president of a large municipal traction company.

Dorothy King, also a Broadway glamour girl, was another whose death brought a prominent patron into view, revealed her as the occupant of a comfortable love-nest.

The Snyder-Judd Gray sashweight murder and the Hall-Mills shooting were other prominent cases in which illicit trysts and the love-nest motif were brought to light.

NOT EXEMPT: President Files Income Tax Report Just Like the Rest of Nation

Together with a million or so of his fellow citizens, Franklin Delano Roosevelt made out his income tax return last week.

And—presumably—together with millions of his fellow tax sufferers, he spent most of the day "in uffish thought," pondering deductions.

It was a lone task for Mr. Roosevelt, since he refused, as always, the services of the White House disbursing officer.

No joint return, this one of F. D. Roosevelt, for Mrs. Roosevelt makes up her own return on her income from investments, radio talks, books, articles, etc. But reporters did learn the $2,500 personal (married) exemption was all taken by the President himself.

Principal item of the return was the $75,000 salary of the President, for apart from this he is not, in the American acceptance of the word, a rich man.

And on income tax days Mr. Roosevelt doubtless feels sincerely grateful to his cousin, George E. Roosevelt, New York banker, who invested a trust fund for him in government securities (tax-exempt) several years ago, with the possibly ironic comment that responsibility for their future value was up to the beneficiary.

Deductions—Probably Mr. Roosevelt had as tough a time with the deductions as the rest of us. The Roosevelt children, being all more than eighteen, are no longer worth $400 apiece for deduction purposes; doubtless there was little in the way of "interest on personal indebtedness." But the 600-acre home farm at Hyde Park in Dutchess County, New York, showed a loss on operations, as did his 2,800-acre farm at Warm Springs, Georgia. That probably helped a bit, as did charity contributions and "earned income."

Actually, the $75,000 cash salary is but a small part of what any President receives from the people of the United States. Competent estimates place it at somewhere closer to $600,000 annually.

This comes in a variety of ways. In the current budget estimates, the total of White House appropriations is $429,478, to which must be added, for some strange reason known only to budget makers, the $15,000 salary of Vice President John Nance Garner. This is divided under the heads of salaries which total more than half the allowance; contingency fund, printing and binding, traveling expenses.

But this doesn't give any adequate picture of a President's legal perquisities. For example, the White House and grounds are valued at $25,000,000. If this property belonged to Mr. Roosevelt, it would cost him about $400,000 in property taxes. But it is his as much as if he owned it while he is in office.

Then the $25,000 allowed for traveling expenses by no means represents the total. But a President does not pay the difference. Railroads invariably supply a private car for which they receive about eight or nine full fares. A private citizen who wants a private car must pay fifteen full fares. Nor does the traveling fund pay the fares of military and naval aides (paid by their respective departments), Secret Service men (paid by the Treasury Department), etc.

Departmental Aid—He has the use of a dozen large, expensive automobiles. Replacements, upkeep and operation cost about $30,000 a year to the White House maintenance fund, not a nickel to the White House occupant.

The Navy or the Army supplies medical and dental service free for the Chief Executive and his entire family. Even gold or platinum fillings cost him nothing. Movies, upon which his fellow citizens spend billions annually, cost a President nothing. Copies of the very latest are rushed to the White House by producers, shown in the private projection-room there by a naval operator. Mr. Roosevelt sees an average of five weekly, many newsreels.

Operatic and other artists are only too eager to sing, dance or whatnot at the White House—for nothing. Glory and publicity in this case are their own rewards. Marine and Navy bands are available for any receptions, etc.

Flowers from the White House gardens and conservatory for family, guests and friends; books, newspapers and magazines are on the free list. Department of Commerce experts supply a daily digest of news and comment.

Food Bills—Like a good many other Americans, the President, no matter who he may be, usually finds food bills are his principal expense in the White House. About $10,000 of the Presidential salary goes to feed himself, his family and the domestic staff of approximately thirty persons.

Even in this case, food does not cost a President nearly so much as it would an ordinary individual, for a tremendous amount of food comes to his table free, freight or express prepaid.

This is because of the generosity—or publicity hunger—of the American people which causes the farmer who raises a forty-pound turkey to ship it to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington; the fruit grower with a bumper crop to send there a dozen cases of choice specimens. Actually, the variety of food received is amazing. It includes fowl, fruit, pickles, nuts, cookies, candy, candied fruits.

All of it gets Secret Service tests, most of it reaches the Presidential or other White House tables.

A barber is one of the White House staff—that's free. The Army supplies horses if any of the Presidential family wish to ride. All upkeep of the building and grounds comes from the public funds. The President's salary is exempt from New York State income tax.

Gifts to the President and his wife average about five or six a day, are valued at approximately $50,000 a year. They range from *Mrs. Blank's* jar of sweet pickles to *Mrs. Ritz's* silver services, and include large quantities of clothing.

Futhermore, the cost of food falls on the Treasury in the case of the great formal dinners, receptions, etc., which, by tradition, a President must give every year.

It has been many years since any President has paid a hotel bill when traveling. The swankiest caravanseries welcome a Presidential party with open arms—charge it to advertising.

White House funds even cover a $6,000 laundry item.

All in all, income tax or no income tax, it's nice work—if you can get it.

OSAGE REBEL: John Stink, Esq., Individualist, Refuses to Greet Mrs. Roosevelt

Thump - thump, thump - thump boomed the great war-drum as eight braves beat in unison with rhythmic fists. At Pawhuska, Oklahoma, the Great Osage Nation welcomed the Great White Father's squaw to the happy hunting-ground of the world's wealthiest redskins.

Gnarled old chieftains in feathered warbonnets and young college graduates of the Osage tribe joined Pawhuska townfolk last week in a tumultuous ovation to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Osage oldsters in tribal garb and young braves and maidens in sporty tweeds and smart frocks were crammed into motor-cars stretching a mile behind the First Lady's automobile.

Osage Individualist—Only old John Stink, the tribe's seventy-four-year-old rugged individualist, ignored the elaborate ceremonial. For a quarter-century, old John shunned his cut of the Osage fortune and slept in tree-tops. Last week, he began grunting grudging approval of some aspects of the white man's civilization.

Other wealthy Osages own many Pawhuska buildings, acquired by investing

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John Stink quit his tree hermitage . . . but not to honor First Lady

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headright funds from oil-lands in mortgages. It required effort to get old John even to enter the log cabin *Uncle Sam* built for him atop a towering ridge a mile southwest of Pawhuska.

Located in a little grove, the modern log cabin is fenced with steel wire bearing signs, "No Visitors." The cabin has a screened-in porch, where John sleeps, and a bathroom and a well-furnished living-room which he spurns. Other comforts include running water and electricity, but John dotes only on the gas fire, where he toasts his aged joints.

Tho John's wealth is estimated at $200,000, his only extravagance is food—his monthly grocery bill is $100. Knowing little English, John talks rarely.

Ghost Walks—Six feet tall, John weighs well over 200 pounds, has a bulging paunch and dresses sloppily. Wherever he goes, he has two huge butcher-knives in his belt. His three dogs accompany him everywhere, get the same food as their master and eat first always. The log cabin's doors always are open so the dogs may come and go freely.

Tribal outcast since he was twenty, John then became ill of smallpox. To cool his high fever, medicine-men poured several buckets of ice-cold water over him. John fainted. His tribal brethren thought he was dead. Chanting a dirge, they carried him to an adjacent mountainside, performed preliminary rites, then went away, intending to return later to bury him.

John recovered, returned to camp. Thinking him a ghost, the Osages shunned John.

"John Stink," said one bolder brave. Thus he got his name.

The young bucks divided his ponies, the Plains Indian's only wealth in the days before black gold, refused to return them. That started the feud which never has stopped smoldering. To-day, John denies relationship with the Osages, leaves his cabin even if a chief calls.

For many years John lived in the woods. His home was the nearest tree when night fell. Then, he began loafing in a Pawhuska grocery store, sitting on a cracker-barrel, but doing no talking.

One day a government marshal shot one of his dogs. Horrified, John called his two other hounds, headed for the hills. That was twenty-five years ago. He hasn't been in Pawhuska since.

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John Patrick Devaney was chosen President of N.L.G. and agreed to serve for six weeks . . .

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Rep. Maury Maverick denounced the old order . . . doffed his hat to head of the new group

RIVAL TO A.B.A.: Lawyers Form New Progressive Guild and Favor Innovations

The American Bar Association was founded in 1878. History probably will date the National Lawyers' Guild from December 22, 1936.

The American Federation of Labor in its present form came into being in 1881. Its lusty rival, the Committee for Industrial Organization, was born in 1935.

Comparisons are inevitable in the case of the relations between A.B.A. and N.L.G., those between A.F.L. and the C.I.O.

Probably there are few more conservative organizations than A.B.A. The record shows it a stanch supporter of things as they are. Sen. Homer T. Bone, a member of the Guild, openly charged it a month ago with ". . . never fighting for human rights as against property rights."

One of the bitterest charges of the C.I.O. leaders is A.F.L. conservatism. On the other hand, the C.I.O. itself makes no secret of ambitions along social and political, as well as economic lines.

The original call sent to lawyers by Frank P. Walsh of New York, first temporary President of the Guild, sounded a battle note.

Progress Blocked—He spoke of the "obvious and urgent" need for a national lawyers' organization, to be "truly progressive."

At the Guild's first open meeting, Walsh pegged the A.B.A. as "a sort of lawyers' trust," while Mr. Ernst remarked to the 600 assembled lawyers that he had refused to join the Bar Association twenty years ago when he learned it had refused membership to a Negro lawyer.

Leaders, besides Ernst and Walsh, were Dr. Karl N. Llewellyn, Columbia Law School; Henry T. Hunt, former Mayor of Cincinnati; John Kirkland Clark, President of the New York State Board of Law Examiners, and Justice Justine Wise Tulin of the New York City Domestic Relations Court.

Objectives—Guild objectives are: To be "truly representative of the best thought and traditions of the American bar; protect and foster democratic institutions . . . civil rights and liberties; advance . . . professional work and economic well-being of lawyers; to promote justice in the administration of the law." Two others are more general: "Advise the public on matters affecting the bar and its work; make the constitution and administration of judicial agencies effective and well-working instruments for accomplishing the purpose of law as declared by the will of the people."

Objectives of the American Bar Association, as stated in 1878, were: "To advance the science of jurisprudence, promote the administration of justice and uniformity of legislation, uphold the honor of the profession of the law and encourage cordial intercourse among members."

By the time several hundred delegates to a national convention of the fast-growing Guild had assembled in Washington, February 21, that "cordial intercourse" seemed headed for a new all-time low.

Amid many denunciations of the A.B.A., the delegates resolved to support the Roosevelt Supreme Court plan; in favor of a constitutional amendment to remove that Court's control of State law constitutionality; in favor of popular referendums on constitutional amendments; in favor of the child labor amendment and for State laws outlawing labor injunctions.

Official Views—The delegates chose John Patrick Devaney, former Chief Justice of Minnesota and fellow townsman (Minneapolis) of Frederick Stinchfield, President of the A.B.A., as President. He agreed to serve for six weeks.

Typical of their respective organizations are the leaders. Stinchfield: For Roosevelt in 1932, Liberty Leaguer in '36, holding company director. Devaney: Noted for progressive views, appointed to Chief Justiceship by the late Farmer-Labor Governor Olson, whispered of in Washington as likely Supreme Court choice of the President—when, as and if.

In general, silence has been the policy of the A.B.A. chiefs. This was broken recently by Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, former President, who set the tone of the A.B.A. attitude toward the Guild:

"I understand the Lawyers' Guild had its inception among some self-styled liberal lawyers whose present major activity seems to be promotion of the plan of the President to pack the Supreme Court. They do not agree with the conclusion of the overwhelming number of the members of the American Bar Association, evidenced by the recent referendum."

Justice Devaney's attitude: "We will not do anything to harm the A.B.A. I will continue a member of it. We represent a different point of view. We are not a Leftist group. We are Americans."

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Parade

Radio short-wave enthusiasts, dialing Madrid, protest a **"pirate"** station operating powerfully on the precise wave-length of the Spanish city. Broadcasting in Spanish, Italian and German, the programs from the new station completely blanket Madrid. High lights are the proclamations of General Franco's greatness, the traditional friendship of Spain with Germany and Italy. Recently the last words on a program were, in Spanish: "Long live Germany! Long live Spain!" followed by "Hail Hitler!"

* * *

For the final major blowout of the Hollywood season, **Ginger Rogers** and **Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt** invited 500 guests to a roller-skating jamboree. Before the party had progressed one-half hour some of the most highly valued limbs in the world

Acme

Ginger Rogers . . . hostess on roller-skates

were scraping the floor. When some "musical chairs" were essayed, the floor of the roller-drome became a mass of kicking stars and social leaders.

* * *

"I hope I'll be here as long as I'm useful," declared **Henry Ford,** when asked if he hoped to live as long as **John D. Rockefeller.** He added that a world-wide migration back to the land is "sure to come." "All the wealth comes out of the land. It's the only security in the world, and I see a new era ahead in this gradual return to the soil. . . . A man and his family can be self-sustaining on a farm."

* * *

A curiously ironic touch figured in the saving of three lives at the New London, Texas, high school explosion, where upward of 425 were lost. **Elmer Marsden, Luther McClure** and **Truman Honeycutt,** students, decided it was too fine an afternoon for books, played "hooky." While they played around near a distant brook, all their classmates were killed as the ceiling crashed down.

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Feminine touch . . . William Delaney daintily adjusts Hunter Drum's collar for West Point show

Muscular "Miss" **William J. Delaney** of Philadelphia helped his pal Hunter Drum of Chicago get into white tie and tails for West Point's "Drags at Ease." This is the 1937 edition of the annual One Hundredth Night show of the Cadet Dramatic Society.

* * *

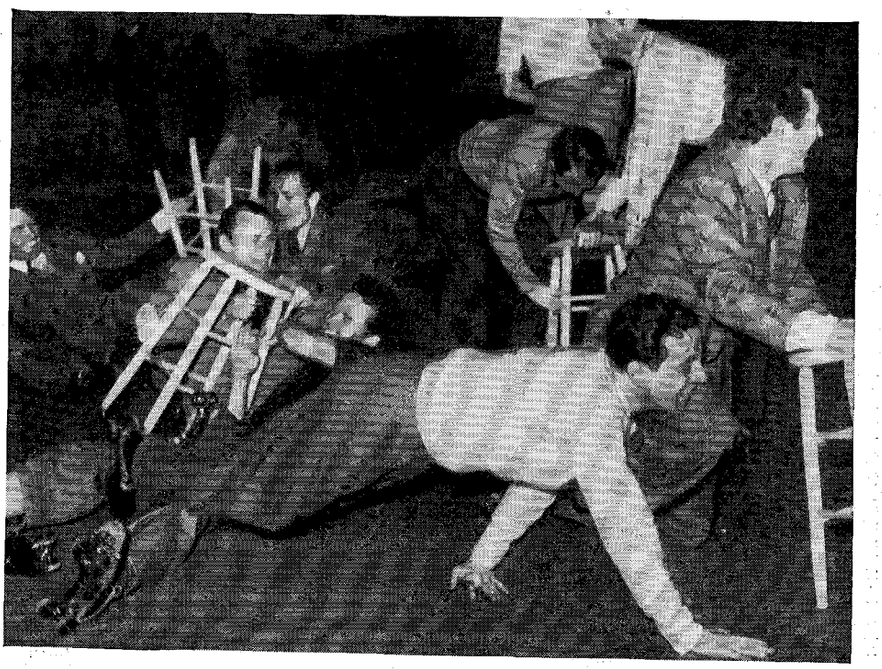
"The only way I can see for the League of Nations to accomplish anything resembling World Peace," said **Pearl S. Buck,** writer ("The Good Earth"), "is for them to stop talking about war and go in for a movement to compel every one to eat the same kind of food. . . . This country can never really be unified because of the diversity of food eaten in different sections of the nation."

* * *

In Buenos Aires, **Mrs. Andrew Carnegie,** widow of the steel magnate, maintained that knowledge of Spanish and English would be the most solid tie of friendship among all nations of the Americas. "Almost all of you speak English; it's now our turn to learn Spanish," she said, adding that her four grandchildren were now learning that language.

* * *

Arrested in Manhattan's Greenwich Village one night last week, **John Neville,** alias John Bruce Heath, confessed to being a 1937 Ponzi. His most recent venture was the suspended publication *Financial Observer*, a 1937 Wall Street slick paper magazine, heralded with much fanfare in January. Said to be backed by $250,000 of Boston money, "enough for two years," the budding sheet never reached its tenth issue, startled New York by its failure.



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Valuable carcasses drag the floor at the Rogers-Vanderbilt roller-skating party . . . Harold Lloyd (extreme left), Phillips Holmes (foreground), John Mack Brown climbing a chair (right)

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Foreign Comment

COUNT SHOT BY LOVE-LORN WOMAN

Blasted Romance With Mussolini Cause of Act, She Says

Last January, chic, dark-eyed Parisienne and occasional journalist Madeleine de Fontange registered at Rome's Quirinal, swank hotel and favorite night-spot for top-rank Fascist officials.

Her trunks unpacked, she demanded an audience with *Il Duce;* was told he was, and would be, too busy to see her.

Twice the year before she had written fulsome interviews with Mussolini. Unable by ordinary methods to obtain a third audience, Magda, as she was known in Rome, elbowed her way one day to a spot beneath the balcony from which *Il Duce* was to address a cheering mob.

Other women were tossing flowers skyward. Too light to carry to the high balcony, their offerings fell back upon them. From a hawker, to quench her thirst, the Frenchwoman had bought, not Eve's apple, but a ripe orange. This she hurled at Mussolini. The great man reached out and caught it, leaned forward, flashed a glance of recognition at his admirer, laughed and waved the golden fruit.

Foreground—For a brief period thereafter, Magda's high heels clicked often on the Palace's polished tiles, and when the Dictator inaugurated the newly-built village of Aprilia in what had been the Pontine Marshes, Magda flitted decoratively, almost possessively, in the foreground.

Last September, police recall, Magda swallowed two small vials of sleeping draft, laid herself down to die. Roused ten hours later by the persistent jangling of a telephone bell, she looked in a mirror, saw that she was still alive, but that her face was slightly puffy. She lifted a third bottle of the sedative to her lips and lay down again, this time, she was sure, to sleep forever. Love, the cops agreed.

But it was not to be. Hotel employees and police battered down her door and pumped out the poison. During the two months required for her complete recovery, a "highly-placed Fascist" paid her bill.

Brooding meanwhile, she reread the diary in which she had recorded real or fancied intimacies "with him I love," and questioned scores of French and Italian friends seeking the reason for the closing against her of the Palace door.

In the end, she fixed the blame, to her own satisfaction at least, on sixty-two-year-old, chuckling Count Charles Pineton de Chambrun, who had been France's Ambassador to Rome at the time of her interviews. She took the train for Paris.

Washington-Born—Born in the French Legation at Washington in 1875, taught English (he always said) by the firemen of K Street Engine House, and a hereditary citizen of the United States as great-grandson of the Marquis de Lafayette, Count de Chambrun passed his entire life in the French diplomatic service yearning and planning to end his official career as Ambassador to the land of his birth.

Patiently he climbed the long road which he thought would lead him there. It led him as a young *attaché* to Rome and to Berlin, as a secretary to Washington, to Rio de Janeiro, to St. Petersburg, to London; then took him as Counselor to Constantinople. It led back to Paris, where he gained the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary.

But his superiors sent him wandering again for years in Kemal Ataturk's dreary little Capital at Angora, then half-way back, to Rome, where, during the sanctions wrangle, Mussolini, refusing to receive most of Europe's diplomats, let de Chambrun chuckle his way in and out of the Palazzo Venezia at will.

The road never did lead to Washington. A youth movement swept over French diplomacy.

A forgotten sixty-year retirement rule was revived; and the Count returned to Paris, a private citizen, tho, as a sop, a notch higher in the Legion of Honor.

Last week, after trailing de Chambrun intermittently for weeks, certain that he had "queered" her with *Il Duce,* Madeleine de Fontange followed him and his Countess to the gloomy Gare du Nord.

Jammed Gun—Most smartly dressed among many smart women about the *de luxe Etoile Bleu* express for Brussels, she elbowed her way near de Chambrun, shot him in the left groin, stood staring at her small pistol when it refused to fire again.

In the Petite Roquette prison, grim, octagonal survival and former annex to the old Bastille, Madeleine de Fontange said calmly that she was sorry—that the gun had jammed.

"I confided in de Chambrun. . . . I asked his word as a diplomat not to repeat what I had told him. He betrayed my trust—broke up the great love of my life. . . . I wanted justice."

The "great love" she referred to as "a man so great I dare not mention his name."

Detectives from the Surété (Secret Police), hurrying to Madeleine's *de luxe* studio apartment in the Rue Alasseur, near the Champ de Mars, to stifle what threatened to become an international scandal of dangerous caliber, found the place in disorder suggesting that other frantic searchers had preceded them.

Drawers were open, silks, laces, papers strewn wildly on the floor. Still on the walls, however, were more than 100 framed photographs of *Il Duce*—Mussolini on horseback, stripped to the waist on skis, arrogant in uniform, pitching hay with peasants, somber at his desk, belligerently erect on his balcony haranguing the Roman crowd as he had been the day Magda tossed the orange. One large portrait at the foot of the tumbled bed was inscribed conventionally:

"*Mlle. Fontange, avec mes hommages,*

Acme

Among Fontange's photo collection: Il Duce takes his skiing stripped to the waist

Benito Mussolini." So any courteous person knowing French would dedicate a photograph to a new acquaintance.

"Dear Diary" — By nightfall, all Paris knew that Examining Magistrate Jacques Girard's reluctance to order the apartment searched was inspired by fear that police might find a diary, that the diary might mention many a high-up Frenchman, including a former Premier.

Not so squeamish, the men of the Surété burst in, found the diary which, after a brief and breathless perusal, they closed with sealing-wax. Sealing also the lock on the door, they hurried away.

The paragraph in the diary that stunned them was, according to Mlle. Fontange's attorney, a quotation from "the man too great to mention." It read:

"To-day, Ethiopia no longer means anything to me. I have only the sweet memories of this unforgetable hour of love." It sounded like Mark Antony.

But this Roman lost no world for love. Ethiopia was quickly remembered, the magic hour forgotten, and others like it forsworn. Magda talked too much. Some one warned "the man too great to mention" that he was risking a scandal.

Her telephone calls were no longer put

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Miss Madeleine de Fontange . . . her love for Mussolini inspired a bullet for de Chambrun

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through. Her letters remained unanswered. The big car that for a brief period had been at her disposal was withdrawn. Her hotel bills piled up, unpaid.

Pup's Company—Last week, engulfed by memories in her stone cell at the Petite Roquette, Madeleine began to scream, screamed so long and loudly that an exasperated guard finally ignored regulations and tossed her pet Pomeranian through the door to quiet her.

Daughter of painter Jean Corraboeuf, whose portrait of the late Aristide Briand is his best known work, Madeleine at eighteen married Assistant Police Chief Yves Laferriere. She divorced him, went on the stage in small parts at the Theatre de l'Odeon, second of France's State-subsidized playhouses. Later she wrote a mystery play and starred in it briefly at the tiny Theatre des Capucines.

Robert Capa from Black Star

Premier Blum weathered another storm

From drama she turned to journalism, wrote fancy pieces for perfumer Francois Coty's *L'Ami du Peuple*, made for herself a sort of name. Last week, when she shot de Chambrun, she was, technically at least, a writer for the reactionary, nationalist, militarist evening paper named, ironically, *La Liberte.*

BLUM GLUM: French Half-Day General Strike Follows Clichy Uprising

"De la Rocque is coming to Clichy!"

These yellow handbills, flung wildly around the grimy industrial suburb of Paris which Communists rule, last week forecast trouble for Leon Blum, Socialist Premier, and for the nation.

Months ago, Col. Francois de la Rocque, tight-lipped French Fascist leader, found his *Croix de Feu* outlawed as a subversive organization. In compliance with the law, he enrolled its members in a new French Social Party. When this group—which fooled no one—arranged to show its cohorts a movie appropriately called *La Bataille* (The Battle) in Red Clichy, Communists held it a "provocation."

Summoned by their leaders, they massed near the theater, 15,000 strong. Blue-caped police and Mobile Guardsmen held the approaches to the block and banned the Reds' protest parade. Pushed back, they surged on the Town Hall, angrily shouting the "Internationale." By the time police began to escort Fascists from the theater, many demonstrators had swept into the building. As De la Rocque's men appeared, stones flew. Then shooting started.

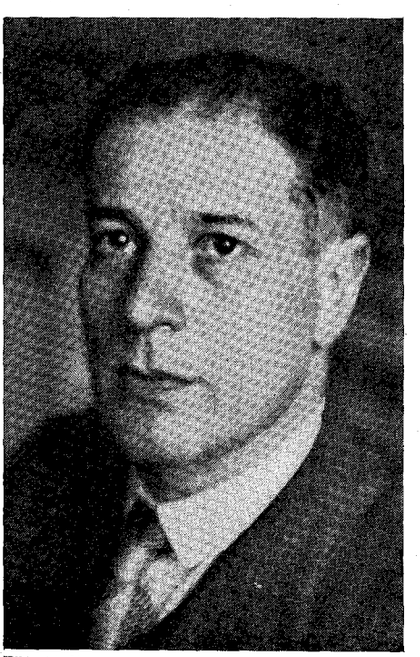
Premier Blum, in his box at the opera for a gala concert, dispatched his secretary, André Blumel, to the riot. He arrived to find workers tearing at paving-stones and iron fences, piling up new barricades as fast as the police ripped them down. The square was a bloody mess, with shots pouring from the Town Hall and private homes, to be answered by police bullets. Blumel, trying to quiet the Leftists, got a wound in the armpit and in the thigh.

Five Dead—When the district finally quieted down, casualties stood at five dead and more than 300 wounded, including a hundred policemen. Since the Stavisky trouble of February 6, 1934, France had not seen such bloodshed.

The Premier, busily visiting the hospitals, knew his own political life once more hung in the balance. Communists, his uneasy allies in the Popular Front Government which lumps them with Socialists and Radical Socialists, complained bitterly that Blum had sold them out to protect the Right. Maurice Thorez and Jean Duclos, their leaders, demanded that Blum punish those responsible for the rioting, tho police and impartial observers laid the blame for the first shots on the Reds. The square, littered with cartridges of non-regulation police size, indicated how well they had been armed.

As always when his followers get out of hand, Blum threatened to resign; as always, the Communist leaders subsided.

To quiet radicals, the General Labor Federation called out two million workers for a half-day general strike, first making it clear that the demonstration was in no way directed against the Government.



Wide World

André Blumel tried to quell a riot and was shot

Before the Capital had resumed its normal activities, Blum received the protests of his moderate Radical Socialist allies for permitting the demonstration.

When they left, Communists renewed their demand that the Government ban De la Rocque's Party.

But Blum, refusing commitments to either side, had managed to weather another storm.

SLAP AT DICTATORS: Austria Ousts Nazi Aide; Anti-Italian Riot Flares

Austria's Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg, the *Little Red Riding Hood* of the Danube, recently has shown signs of recognizing the *Big Bad Wolves* behind his grandmama's spectacles.

Last Saturday, his "Austria for the Austrians (even if it means Otto)" policy of increasing coolness toward the blandishments of both Hitler and Mussolini, increasing warmth toward Britain and Czechoslovakia, caused him to oust Minister of Public Security Neustaedter-Stuermer, ardent Nazi.

Next day, Austrians echoed their hearty approval by an anti-Italian riot that ended a soccer game between Austria and Italy at City Stadium. Spectators seized fascist flags, swung businesslike fists until a riot-squad rescued the Italians.

Same day, several hundred miles away in Libya, Mussolini, concluding a ten-day road tour in the rôle of latter-day Calif, embarked on the cruiser *Pola* (named for the naval port wrested from Austria after the War) to review the Italian fleet off North Africa.

CHINA'S CURSE: Intrigue and Famine Hit Rich Farm Country and Its Millions

More deadly than Japanese or Russian aggression, more fearsome than Red armies of their own race, or the thieveries and tyrannies of war-lords and politicians, China's real, most ancient enemy —Famine—struck again last week, bringing hunger to millions, death to thousands.

In well-fed Nanking, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, after protracted bargaining with "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang, his kidnaper of last December, yielded a delicate point, agreed to transfer the Young Marshal, not, as he had intended, to remote communism-riddled and arid Kansu Province, but to nearer and supposedly richer Honan and Anhwei.

It meant shifting the Young Marshal's army, too. For when China's generals are moved, their armies go with them, their personal property, a human herd and, like an animal herd, remain with them until sold to other owners or, unfed or unpaid, they desert.

It was a fine victory for the Young Marshal; but as compensation, Nanking politicians could chuckle quietly at the embarrassment of Japan, where the Tokyo Government was embroiled too deeply in home disputes to seek adventure abroad.

Troops Move—Long trains of dusty flatcars in Shensi rolled toward Honan, loaded

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with the Young Marshal's dusty, ragged troops. To the southwest, in usually rich hinterland Szechwan Province, nearly as large as Texas and known as "Asia's Eden," 52,000,000 slant-eyed farmers were deep in the worst famine of their history.

A population equal to that of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin was scraping the bottom of its shallow grain-bins. Nine millions already had finished their last grain of rice, millet or wheat; were living, death in their eyes, by chewing the left-over straw.

By thousands, parchment-covered skeletons were limping, crawling, creeping into Chungking, the Capital, stacking themselves silently against the city walls, waiting for what was not there and what would not come.

It could not come, for out in the countryside other famished hordes with slightly more physical strength than theirs were falling upon and plundering the rare food caravans directed toward the city.

"Due to the drought that began last August," explained not-yet-hungry Chairman of the National Relief Commission Chu Ching-lan.

"Not due to the drought," said missionaries leaving the Province. "The last harvest was rich. This famine was brought on by the Government's grain policy, which enabled landlords and speculators, aided by government loans, to buy up the grain as soon as it was threshed and ship it away to hold for higher prices, leaving the debt-ridden farmers with nothing."

Region of Silence—Another famine raged in the Province (Honan) toward which the Young Marshal's flat-car troop-trains were inching their way. Six thousand villages of mud and straw already were empty. Before the oncoming troops lay a "region of silence" in which no dog barked and no crow cawed.

Spreading slowly outward from the vacuum, winding columns of sun-blackened wrinkled wanderers dragged themselves to unknown destinations.

Dry tongues of children begged, without sound, for water. Their parents, bloated from living, if it could be called living, for weeks on roots, bark, even mud, offered their young for sale to rare and sleekly fed slave-dealers who picked, chose, haggled; rejected the puny.

To these gasping hordes the universe had shrunk to one mouthful of food that they could not find. Less than nothing to them was the successful intrigue which was sending the Young Marshal and his men to Honan instead of to poorer Kansu.

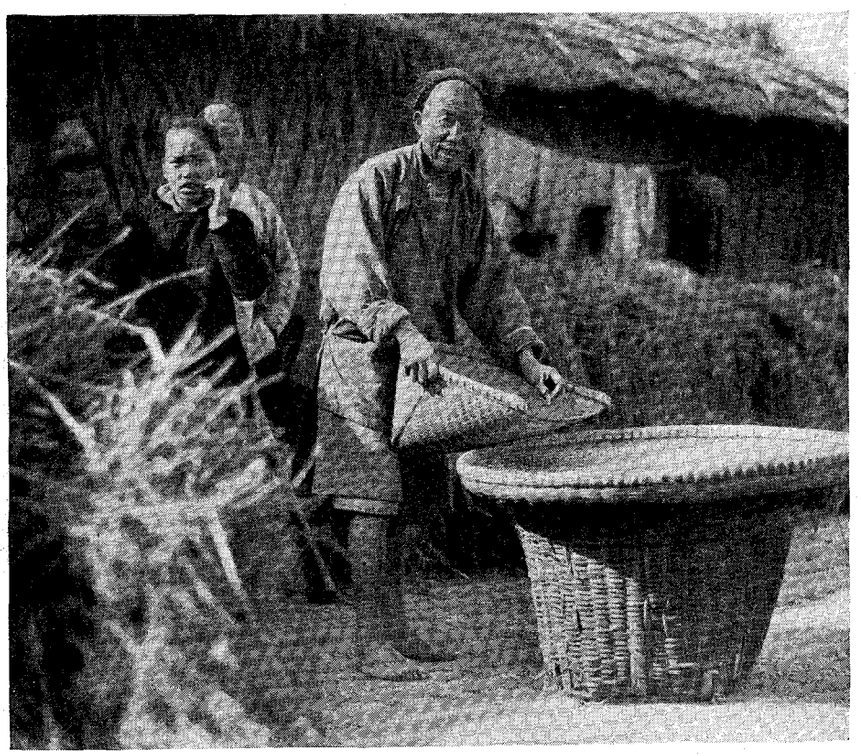
To them, as to most of China's 330,000,000 poverty-ridden, garden-patch soil-grubbers, Nanking, the Young Marshal, the Generalissimo, Japan, were not even names; and never would be.

If they lived to return to their tiny mud patches, they would realize only that another kind of soldier had come to tax, to steal, to extort, to plunder, at times to burn and kill. But to whom the soldiers belonged, whence they came, and why, they would never know.

Martyrs—Famines they have always known. The shrunken, staring men trying to sell their wives and daughters along the endless roads remembered such sales when they had themselves been children. Some remembered the great famine of 1887-'88. Others recalled tales by their elders of a greater hunger when, tho none of these failing wanderers knew the totals, more than 9,000,000 left withered forms for buzzards and crows.

Patient martyrs of eternal torture, China's farmers have endured a grinding fate that, Japanese admit, would have left their own islands lifeless and barren, had it leaped the Yellow Sea.

Under the Republic, much of the time since the 1911 revolution, the farmers' fate has been more unendurable than it was under the corrupt, but not quite insatiable, monarchy and aristocracy.



Kinnosuke Adachi

In prosperous times the Chinese farmer worked hard to produce wheat that landlords bought up and held for higher prices . . . now millions of "soil-grubbers" are starving

In the same Szechwan now stricken, war-lords, sole government and traditional enemy so far as the farmers know, have collected taxes in advance until 1985, forty-eight years ahead. The farmers took it philosophically. They had been cheated for 2,500 years; another half-century mattered little.

But so hardy has China's farmer become through the centuries of merciless hammering, that, given half, a quarter, a tenth of a chance, he can flourish.

Under the system that trades him off to war-lords as a kidnaping prize, he is given no chance at all.

ROYAL RUBY: Black Prince's Stone to Adorn Britain's New King at Coronation . .

For a brief moment, not much more than a month hence, there will be a priceless ransom on George VI's head. That moment will come when, at the Coronation, he wears the Imperial State Crown, which contains not only a fabulous fortune in diamonds but the world's most famous ruby.

Carat for carat, a first-quality pigeon's blood ruby is more valuable than a diamond, a star sapphire, or any other precious gem in the world.

Just how much more valuable, no one knows. For, unlike diamonds, the prices of rubies and sapphires have never been controlled. And perfect rubies are far more rare than perfect diamonds.

A flawless pigeon's blood ruby as large as ten carats has never been found. If one ever is found, it will probably be snapped up for $1,000,000. Provided the owner is willing to sell it for that.

Three years ago, Princess Marina of Greece chose a sapphire from Kashmir, India, for her engagement ring from the Duke of Kent. Kashmir sapphires have been fashionable in England and elsewhere ever since.

But George VI will wear the world's No. 1 gem—the celebrated Black Prince's ruby, set in the center of the Imperial British State Crown. The size of a hen's egg, the Black Prince's ruby was worn by Henry V at the Battle of Agincourt.

Historical Value—Actually, it is a spinel ruby, and derives its quoted value of $550,000 mainly from its historical associations. A spinel is a semiprecious stone, closely resembling a ruby. Because it is a spinel ruby, lapidaries agree the Black Prince's stone must have come from the hills surrounding Mogok, a primitive, native village of tin-roofed huts (35,000 natives, twelve Europeans) plunked deep in the upland jungles of Burma, ninety miles northeast of Mandalay.

Undistinguished otherwise from dozens of grubby little hill stations dotting Burma and India, Mogok is world-famous as the only place where the true pigeon's blood ruby has ever been found.

Rubies may be white, pink, blue, purple or any combination of these colors. The pigeon's blood is a true crimson. The Burmans call it *youn thwe*—rabbit's blood.

Government control of the ruby-mines at Mogok, as elsewhere in Burma, is stringent. None but a British subject is allowed to mine. To use machinery, miners must take out an extraordinary license, binding them to employ a fixed

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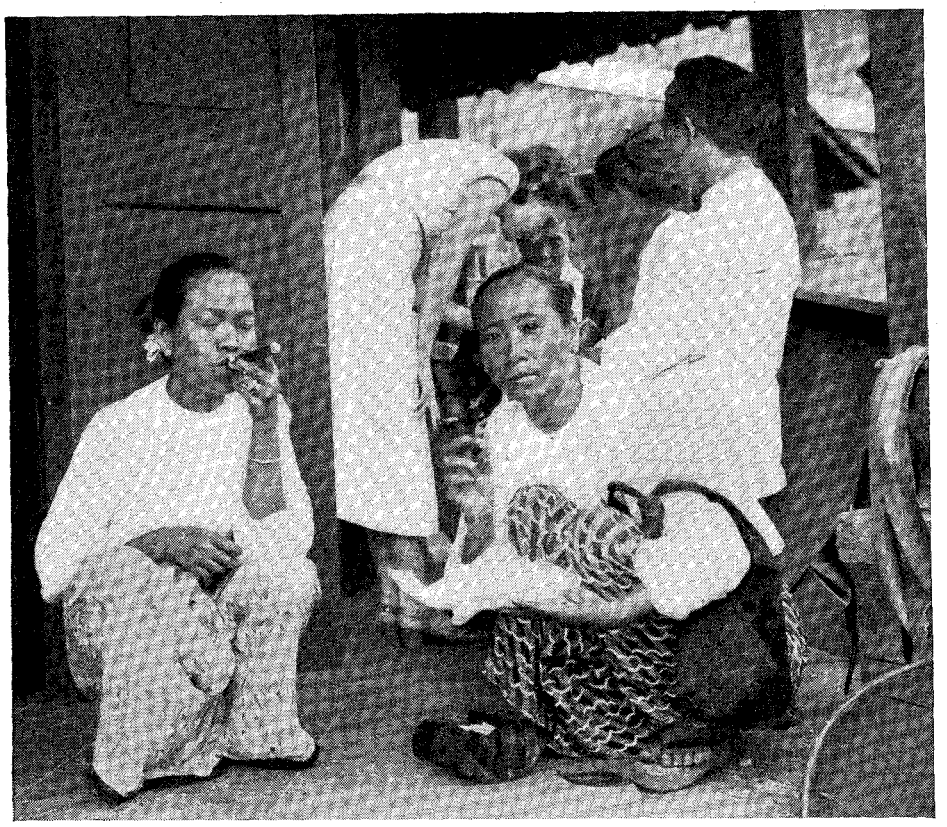

Cheroot-smoking jouck contha-ma (women stone dealers) hawk Burma's less valuable gems

number of *coolies* and to turn over 10 per cent. of their revenue to the Government.

Smugglers—Unless a European owner has eyes in the back of his head, the *coolies* smuggle all the good stuff for themselves.

During the turbulent career of Burma Ruby Mines, Ltd., a gigantic foreign power which was finally liquidated in 1926, they experimented with heavy, ponderous wooden cages, locked over the miners' heads to keep them from swallowing stones. It took the *coolies* about a week to learn how to slip stones through the narrow space around the neck, flip them up, and catch them in their mouths.

In South Africa, the diamond-miners are locked up every night and thoroughly searched, inside and out. In Burma they have an equally effective system, called *Conzar*.

The mine owner gives shares to each *coolie*. When a large stone is found, all the shareholders decide on a selling price. In the mines, they watch one another pretty closely to prevent any gyping.

The average mine *coolie* makes 8 *annas* (about 18 cents) a day, out of which he feeds his family on rice and vegetable curry, buys himself a new shirt once a year, goes on a quiet drunk now and then, smokes or chews his daily allowance of opium, and occasionally sits in on a game of *fan-tan*.

Superstitions—During the rains, from July to October, he works waist-deep in water. (Mogok boasts 157 inches of rain per year.) He doesn't complain, tho, even when, as a shareholder, his earnings drop below 8 *annas* a day.

What does worry a mine *coolie* is violation of any of his pet superstitions. A man must never eat meat in a mine, nor drink liquor. Mogok miners are still talking about a huge find of crystal, ten years ago, which they celebrated with a drinking-party on the spot. During the night a landslide buried the crystal. It has never been found again.

A pregnant woman is never allowed in a mine. Bad luck. And dreadful things invariably happen when some one says "myock," meaning "monkey," below ground.

The deepest-seated superstitions are bound up in the worship of *nats*, the spirits or demons common to Burma and neighboring Siam. Not a part of the Buddhist religion, to which most Burmans adhere, *nat*-worship is generally practised and is not frowned upon by the *poongyis*, the shaven, yellow-robed priests to whom every Burman goes for help and advice.

There are twenty-eight gazetted *nats* in Burma. Five are in Mogok. One, a wicked princess, lives in a huge tree not far from the village, and was responsible for the crystal-mine cave-in. Miners propitiate her with flowers, bowls of rice, and incense at the foot of the tree.

Dragon Fantasy—Burma averages four minor earthquakes a year. They are caused, *coolies* say, by a great dragon who sleeps underground. His head is under Moulmein, his tail somewhere below the busy bazaars of Mandalay. When he is restless, or annoyed, he turns over, and there is an earthquake.

Burman *coolies* never pick up gray leaves from trees in the jungle. They have done it, and had the leaves turn to newly-minted, silver rupees. They stuffed their pockets with them. But when they got home, they found the leaves had advanced one more stage and were now wriggling, venomous snakes.

When they are pleased, *nats* will do great things for the Burmans. The famous Peace Ruby, largest ever unearthed in Burma and sold for 3 *lakhs* of rupees ($100,000), was found on Armistice day, 1918. Miners say it was a reward from the gods who were glad the War was over.

One day each week, a Burman is bound to tell the truth. Europeans never know what day it is. On other days, the Burmans are shrewd bargainers and rare psychologists in disposing of their stones.

When a stone is found, shareholders in the mine decide what price they will accept. They leave it to the broker, or *jouck lo* (stone man), to decide what price to ask.

Business Methods—There are hundreds of brokers in Burma, selling stones on commission to European buyers. The method of bargaining is probably unequaled anywhere in the world.

When he has a good stone, a broker often spends weeks building it up in the imagination of a prospective buyer before he even displays it.

Even after the buyer sees the stone, and knows he wants to buy it, tremendous patience is necessary. Burmans are very formal. A European can't "get right down to business." He must ask and answer countless questions about the health and happiness of the respective families, and drink endless cups of *le paya jor* (fried tea).

When there are other people around during a big transaction, no words are spoken. Seller and buyer clasp right hands. The sleeves of the European's coat and the Burman's flowing *angyi* (jacket) are then pulled over both hands to hide them from view.

By pressure of the thumb on the other man's fingers, you indicate asked and offered prices. This business may continue for weeks, before both parties are satisfied.

Color Valueless—The reason for this silent bargaining is, obviously, to conceal the value of the stone from outsiders. A gem-owner's big worry is attack from a *dacoity*, a band of five or more armed robbers.

The market for stolen stones is mainly Siam and India. European buyers won't handle stones unless they are sure they came from a licensed mine.

Of the precious stones (ruby, star ruby, sapphire, star sapphire, emerald, pearl, and diamond) all except emeralds and diamonds are found in Burma. Despite the difference in the colors ordinarily associated with them, rubies and sapphires are of similar type (corundum) and equal hardness.

Color, by the way, is one of the least dependable methods of spotting stones. Sapphires can be, and are, green, white, yellow or almost black. The most valuable are cornflower blue.

It takes an expert to tell, by the color, the difference between a ruby and a spinel, a semiprecious stone. Specific gravity and refractory index are the most important indications of a stone's true classification, but probably the Coronation crowds won't even care.

WALLIS WINS: Last Obstacle to Simpson Divorce Apparently Is Removed by Court

The King, the Queen and 400,000 of their subjects trooped to Aintree, near Liverpool, March 19. Throughout the country, almost every other Britisher brooded mostly on the jumper in the Grand National Steeplechase which carried his precious pounds or shillings.

So, when Sir Boyd Merriman, High Court Justice, mounted the bench to hear an "intervention" in Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson's divorce suit, it was with the comfortable assurance that Britain's main interest was elsewhere. Tho the hearing

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was public, the oak-paneled court-room was no more crowded than the Ipswich Court-House on that historic day last October when, surrounded by the extraordinary protection of her friend King Edward's police, Mrs. Simpson gave evidence of her husband's infidelity and heard the judge grant her decree nisi with a bored: "Yes, I suppose so."

It was December 9, it developed last week, when an obscure sixty-year-old law clerk named Francis Stephenson informed the court that he proposed to show cause why her decree should not be made final, on the grounds of collusion and the withholding of material facts. Two days later, King Edward signed the Abdication Act because, as he announced in a world-wide broadcast: "I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love."

Thereupon Mr. Stephenson endeavored to withdraw his objection, but Justice

Wide World

Wallis Simpson: rainy days are over . . . the way is clear for her divorce

Merriman directed that the King's Proctor, Sir Thomas Barnes, investigate it.

Sir Donald Somervell, Attorney General, represented the Proctor at the hearing. Stephenson admitted, it was shown, that he had no evidence against the American divorcée, but only "allegations based on rumors heard from friends, and things he had heard and seen in the press."

Next the Attorney General referred to numerous letters Sir Thomas had received from the public, hinting at interference from high sources in the Simpson case. "No pressure of any kind, from any source," he said, "has been attempted to prevent investigation or any action I should think proper." The case, he insisted, had been treated precisely like any other, tho there were circumstances connected with it "which made it in my opinion a proper case for investigation." So Sir Thomas studied the case, to determine whether there was collusion; whether Mrs. Simpson "was an accessory to or connived at adultery"; and whether any act of hers should render her unentitled to the decree. The woman ex-King Edward hopes to marry was cleared of all these charges.

Justice Merriman himself then asked why the suit was brought at provincial Ipswich, when Mrs. Simpson maintained a London residence. Norman Birkett, her bewigged lawyer, explained that the American had acted throughout on his advice. Because she "was then suffering and is now suffering great nerve strain," he advised her to take a local villa and file suit there, rather than risk delay in the crowded London courts.

Last Obstacle Removed — Stephenson, a small man with gold-rimmed spectacles and sad white mustache, rose and withdrew his intervention formally. The court dismissed it, and the last obstacle seemed removed to the marriage of Mrs. Simpson and the Duke of Windsor when her divorce becomes final April 27.

Dashing from the chamber, Stephenson tried to dismiss reporters with a hurried: "I've other fish to fry." Cornering him, they asked why he had decided to intervene. "Oh, I don't know," the little man who had tried to interrupt the course of a King's love murmured vaguely. "My friends and I talked it over . . . I was so much moved by the words of his Majesty's broadcast, I could not do anything to trouble him, but I had not an ounce of respect left for Mrs. Simpson."

Mrs. Simpson, hearing the good news at her temporary home in Tourraine, immediately telephoned Castle Enzesfeld, where the Duke, who had been wandering around all morning, relaxed.

BAD-GUESSER FRANCO: Rebel Prophecy of Madrid Capture Is Again Upset

More soldier than statesman, Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco has been a bad guesser. Last September, he predicted the fall of Madrid by the first part of October. He was as far off the mark then as he was last week when he indicated to William P. Carney, New York *Times* correspondent whom Loyalists accuse of being a Rebel sympathizer, "that the capture of Madrid will be a supremely important milestone in our unbroken series of victories."

Almost at the same time, battle-scarred Gen. José Miaja, supreme commander of the Loyalist forces in central Spain, drove his International Brigade and militiamen like a whirlwind through the panic-stricken Italian Blackshirts on the Guadalajara front, northeast of Madrid, captured immense quantities of ammunition and supplies and said laconically: "Facts speak louder than words."

Miaja, jubilant over capture of the huge booty and hundreds of "green" Italians, reported the Loyalists' greatest victory since the Civil War started more than eight months ago. Chary of words and not overoptimistic, he refused to minimize the task ahead of his forces, let foreign correspondents, including the New York *Times's* Herbert L. Matthews, visit the salvaged front.

"Town after town along the Aragon highway," cabled Matthews, "has fallen to the Government forces, which now have just about regained all the ground lost since the Rebel drive started.

"Almadrones, whence the main Insurgent offensive began, has been evacuated."

A day later, Almadrones fell into Loyalist hands, completing the restoration of all the territory lost to the Rebels in the last three weeks.

Deserting in large droves, Italian "volunteers" told once again how they had been misled into believing that they were being sent to work in Ethiopia. Over Loyalist radio chains they urged their comrades in the Insurgent lines to desert rather than "stain your hands with the blood of this fratricidal conflict." At the same time, Miaja released the text of a cable from *Il Duce* to General Mancini ordering him to "tell our Legionnaires (in Spain) I am following their actions hourly, and their efforts will be crowned with victory." Mussolini was reported to have radioed the message on his way to Libya. The Italian press unanimously ridiculed it as another "Red" forgery.

Less important, tho cheering to the Valencia Government, were reports from Senegal, West Africa, that Loyalist forces in Spain's colony of Rio de Oro had ousted the Insurgent commander and taken possession of the Capital, Villa Cisneros.

Protest to League—Tho deeming the Guadalajara rout a great victory, Loyalist Premier Francisco Largo Caballero lodged another protest with the League of Nations against Italy's violation of the neutrality agreement by landing additional Blackshirt troops at Cadiz. His Government also gave out figures indicating Franco's forces numbered 395,000 effectives, made up of 70,000 Italians; 30,000 Germans; 25,000 Moors; 130,000 Spanish militiamen; 100,000 Monarchists and Carlists; and 40,000 Spanish Army regulars.

Accused of being atheistic church-burners, Loyalist sympathizers (referred to as Marxists, Reds, Leftists, Anarcho-Syndicalists) have almost invariably become the butt of Europe's Rightist and religious press as enemies of religion. Last week, according to a cable report in *The Christian Science Monitor*, a deputation of Anglicans and Free Churchmen, on their return to London from an extended visit to Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona, reported that they "found no evidence of an organized 'godless' propaganda such as has existed in Soviet Russia."

Implying disagreement with these findings, Pope Pius XI, in his long Encyclical last week, lumped Loyalist Spain with Soviet Russia and Mexico as suffering from Communism, which he dubbed "a system full of errors and sophisms" as opposed to the doctrine of defending the equality and brotherhood of man, while recognizing his liberty and rights.

POISON OR PIE: Queen Marie's Sudden Illness Leads to Speculative Stories

When *Graustarkian* royalty falls ill, it isn't always from poison; even Kings eat rich pastries and get into drafts.

But when Europe learned last week that Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania was in bed, the New York *Times's* G. E. R.

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Gedye bestirred himself in Vienna. Reason: Sly news-sleuth Gedye knew there had been previous rumors of poisonings in Bucharest.

What he learned about Queen Marie—or rather, what he failed to learn—only sharpened his reportorial nose.

For officials who permitted fullest bulletins recently when her grandson, Crown Prince Michael, had an emergency appendectomy and her son Prince Nicholas suffered a siege of scarlet fever, tried to keep any word of the aging beauty's condition from the world press.

Altho Queen Marie of Yugoslavia had left her son, King Peter, ill with influenza when she dashed to her mother's bedside, neither Belgrade nor Bucharest suspected anything.

Vienna's Café Imperial, clearing-house for Balkan gossip, first heard a rumor that the Queen was poisoned by King Carol's enemies.

Gedye, trying to confirm the story in the Rumanian Capital, ran up against an absolute censorship. As soon as he murmured the word "Marie," the Bucharest telephone exchange cut him off.

Pictures, Inc.

Queen Marie . . . rumors of poisoning persist

Yet he managed to piece together amazing details. Three days after the Queen collapsed, the court physician and two specialists remained at her bedside, to be joined occasionally by her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, former Queen of Greece, and King Carol.

Police and troops, he reported, were under emergency orders, and the Cabinet had held secret sessions daily.

Partly because the Marshal of the Court had fallen sick simultaneously, Bucharest politicians believed the Queen had been poisoned. They recalled wide-spread hints last summer that the serious illness of Nicholas Titulescu, Foreign Minister ousted by the Iron Guard, could be traced to fascists' poison. King Carol recently outraged them by closing the universities, pending expulsion of their members, and suspicion spread that the group, which had not hesitated to murder Premier Ion Duca, had struck at the King through his mother.

Deny Plot—Twenty-four hours after Gedye cabled his sensational story, court officials finally admitted that Her Majesty was ill. Vigorously denying reports of poison, they announced that she suffered from flu, complicated by gastric hemorrhages. Later, physicians said that the sixty-two-year-old woman's condition had been aggravated by recent reducing experiments.

If she was really the victim of a fascist plot, the Queen was innocent, for in recent years her son has not permitted her to dabble her agile fingers in Rumania's political pie. Queen Victoria's granddaughter and once known as the world's most beautiful princess, she refused the hand of the late King George of England, before his elder brother's death put him in line for the throne, to accept King Ferdinand. Her husband's weakness, and the strength of her numerous admirers, especially Prince Stirbey, made her the real ruler of the country. Her greatest triumph came during the World War when, tho her husband was a Hohenzollern, she swung Rumania into the conflict on the side of her British relatives.

Furious that Carol scorned his wife, Princess Helen, for the red-haired Magda Lupescu, Marie maneuvered his departure from the country. Since his triumphant return, the Queen Mother of the Balkans has not been able to annoy the Iron Guard, or any one else.

Science and Medicine

COMA COMPLETED: Murderess Awakes After Mental Suicide Attempt

Into the Los Angeles County Jail last week marched a dapper, worried psychiatrist, tussling with a tough problem. On a cell cot in the jail lay a sallow-faced, straggly-haired young woman, apparently asleep.

That it was not slumber which held thirty-one-year-old Mrs. Helen Wills Love in deep unconsciousness, Dr. Samuel Marcus well knew. For 158 hours, she had been lying in a strange coma which experts and amateurs had variously diagnosed as catalepsy, suspended animation, split personality, self-hypnosis, hysterical coma, trance, partial suicide. Unconsciousness had descended on her the night she was convicted of the second degree murder of her secret husband, Harry Love, in a fit of pique over his refusal to publicize their marriage.

The job of psychiatrist Marcus was to snap Mrs. Love out of her coma. Reason: Judge Frank M. Smith of Superior Court was waiting to sentence her. If he pronounced sentence on an unconscious body, the cause would be ruled a mistrial. Was Mrs. Love consciously comatose and maliciously malingering?

Food Injected—Organic functions of her body, except breathing and blood circulation, had ceased. Dr. Benjamin Blank, jail physician, had been feeding her by intravenous injections of glucose and normal saline solution for a week. Bothering attendants, if not the doctors, were the words spoken to the jail matron by Mrs. Love shortly before she slid into her trance:

"I can sit in this chair or lie on this bed and kill myself by will-power. I can make myself die whenever I want to."

As the "will-to-die" woman, Mrs. Love and her coma made newspaper head-lines. Had she discovered a new form of suicide in which will-power was the lethal weapon? Doctors were professionally skeptical. Daily for a week, Doctor Blank and Doctor Marcus appeared at the woman's bedside; consulting psychiatrists also studied the unique case.

Unanimously, they disposed of the mental suicide theory, denied that it was a self-induced hypnotic sleep, for no cases are known of a person wilfully paralyzing parts of his body.

Psychiatric diagnosis indicated that Mrs. Love was completely under the control of her subconscious mind. Horror and fear, descending upon her after her murder conviction, had been too much for her mind to digest.

The resulting mental strain had dissociated her personality. Problem: How to reintegrate her mind.

Awake—With Doctor Blank recording Mrs. Love's pulse, Doctor Marcus bent over her, whispered into her ears, stroked her cheek. Her body quivered, grew rigid, her eyes opened with an expression of deep horror.

After 158 hours, the "will-to-die" woman was awake.

"She'll stay awake," promised psychiatrist Marcus.

Chief interest of laymen in the strange case was the suggestion that suicide can be committed by will-power. Actually, there was no element of the sort in Mrs. Love's case. Psychologist Joseph Jastrow termed her condition one of hysterical coma, described in all psychiatry textbooks as an attack feigning death, of hysterical origin. These mental blow-ups are not faked; the patient is not consciously malingering.

A form of mental release-valve, trances and comas are similar to shell-shock in affording an escape from intolerable circumstances.

Many psychologists now believe that self-preservation is the all-dominant psychic complex, rather than the Freudian sex element. Shell-shock is an excellent example of the conspiracy set up between the subconscious mind and the sympathetic nervous system to get an individual out of a jam.

Soldiers in a front-line raid know well the penalty for desertion, cowardice; shell-shock offers a way out—invalided back to a hospital and safety. The nervous system blows up, touched off, perhaps, by the bursting of a shell. This separates the stream of consciousness, leaving only the subconscious mind functioning, bringing escape from terrifying reality.

Temporary—In Mrs. Love's case, the flight from reality was only temporary. She faces a sentence of seven years to life.

More than four-fifths of the individuals who can throw themselves into trance-like states are women. The female nervous system seems better adapted to these phenomena than the male. Endocrine

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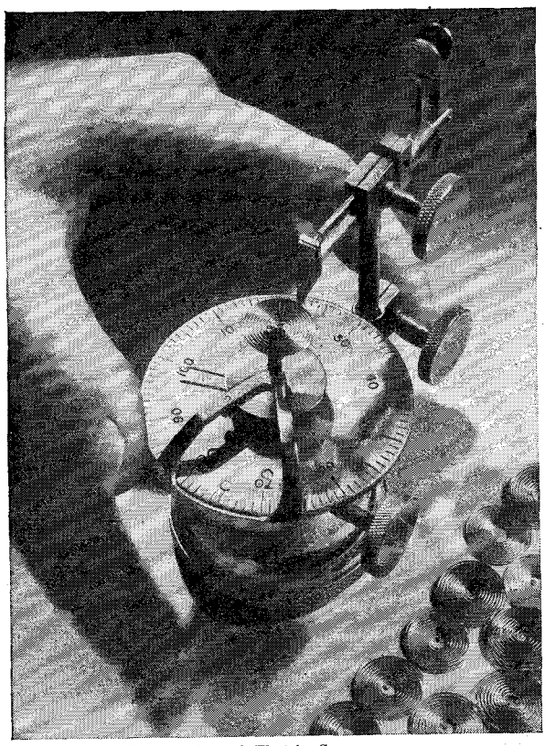
glands probably play an important part in such conditions, for it is significant that hysterias, trances, and like manifestations rarely survive the menopause.

Closest approach to suicide by will power is the voodoo curse in which, through power of suggestion, a superstitious Negro imagines that he has been hoodooed, witched, or conjured, and dutifully pines away.

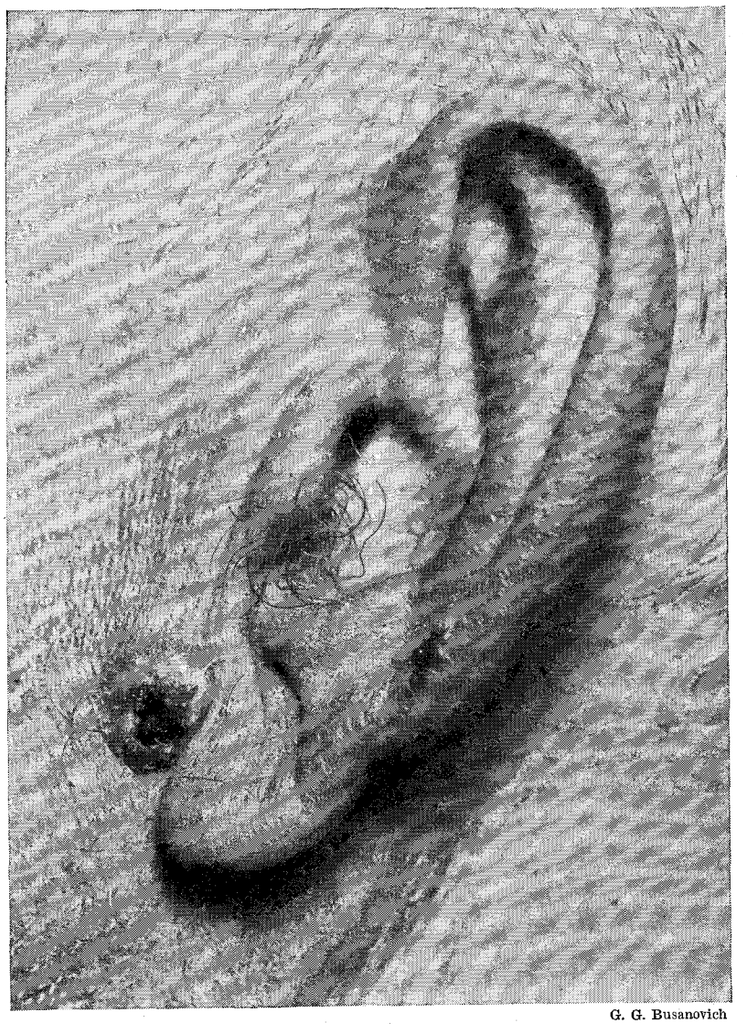
Of a different nature are the deep-breathing exercises of Yoga, mystical Oriental cult, which lead to trance-like states and can end fatally for the partially initiated or unskilful devotees.

AS THE CAMERA'S EYE PENETRATES



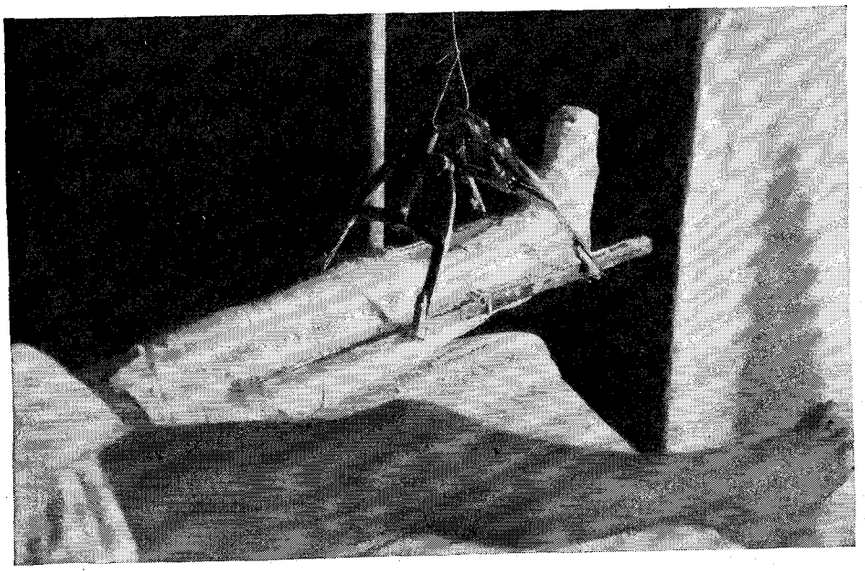
By William F. Winter. General Electric Co.

A wary photographer catches latent beauty in a delicate mechanism used for testing watch-springs



G. G. Busanovich

Tiny sores on the surface of the skin may be innocent-looking early stages of cancer . . . this form of the dreaded disease can be cured if caught in time



S. W. Nourse

Surgeons stretch a short leg: the tibiofibular bones are deliberately broken and steel pins are driven through each piece . . . the ends are pulled apart and held in a cast until nature completes the job by growing new bone into the gap

PHOTO SHOW: Two Rochester Exhibits Display Art of the Camera

Cameras made news last week as Rochester, New York, closed one exhibit and opened another, showing almost miraculous use of photographs in commerce, science and medicine.

As the Fourth Annual Exhibit of Professional Photography was being unhung by the Mechanics Institute, the walls of two rooms in the near-by Rindel Memorial Building were being made ready.

Hung on the walls, for a record first-day crowd of 3,000 to gape at, were such scientific subjects as brain operations, with spattered blood in full color, flashes of speeding bullets, and photomicrographs of textiles, water fleas, copper wire, and tracks of cosmic rays. It was the First International Exhibit of Scientific Applied Photography, and to it went experts of such institutions as Eastman Kodak, Bausch & Lomb, the Graflex Camera Company, and the University of Rochester.

A broad view of the two exhibits is shown on these pages.

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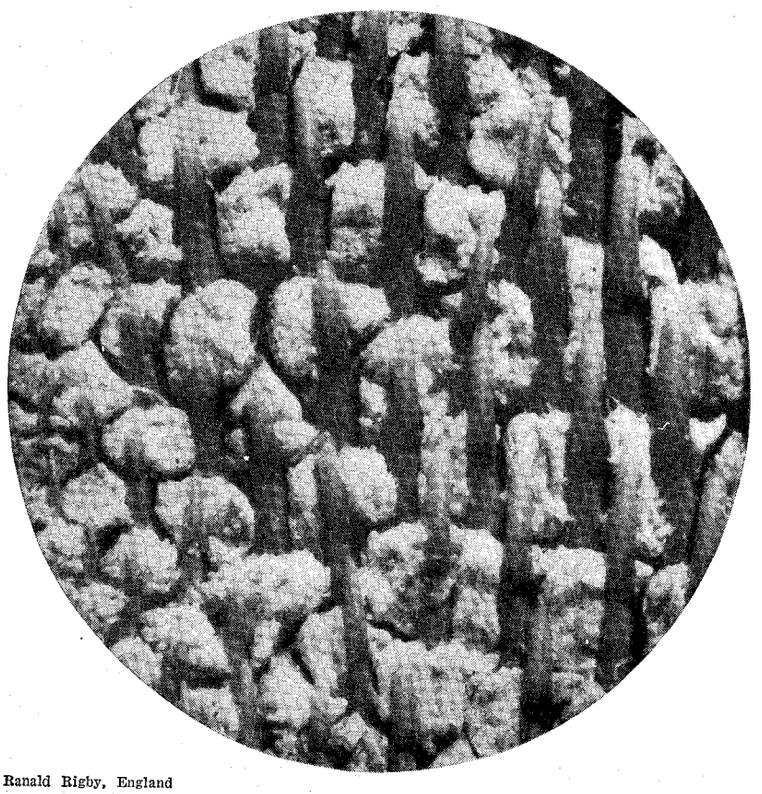
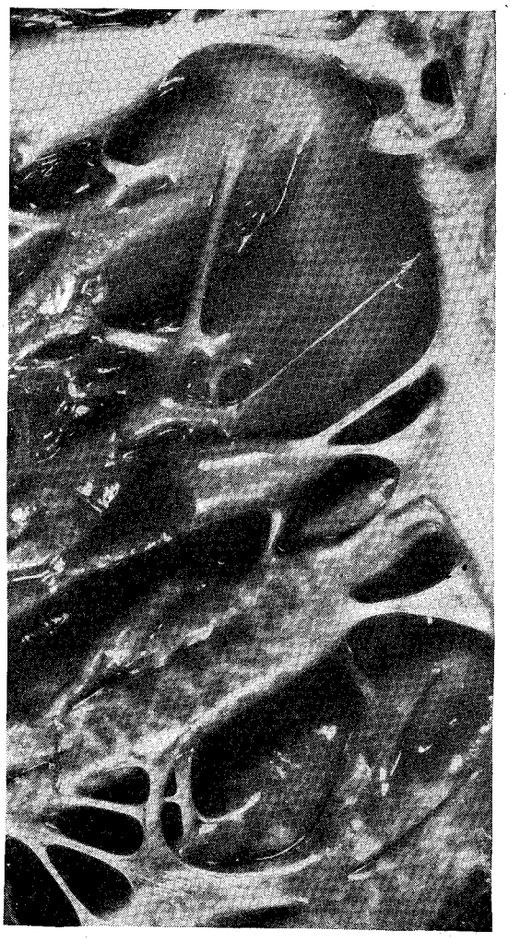
FIELDS OF COMMERCE, SCIENCE AND MEDICINE



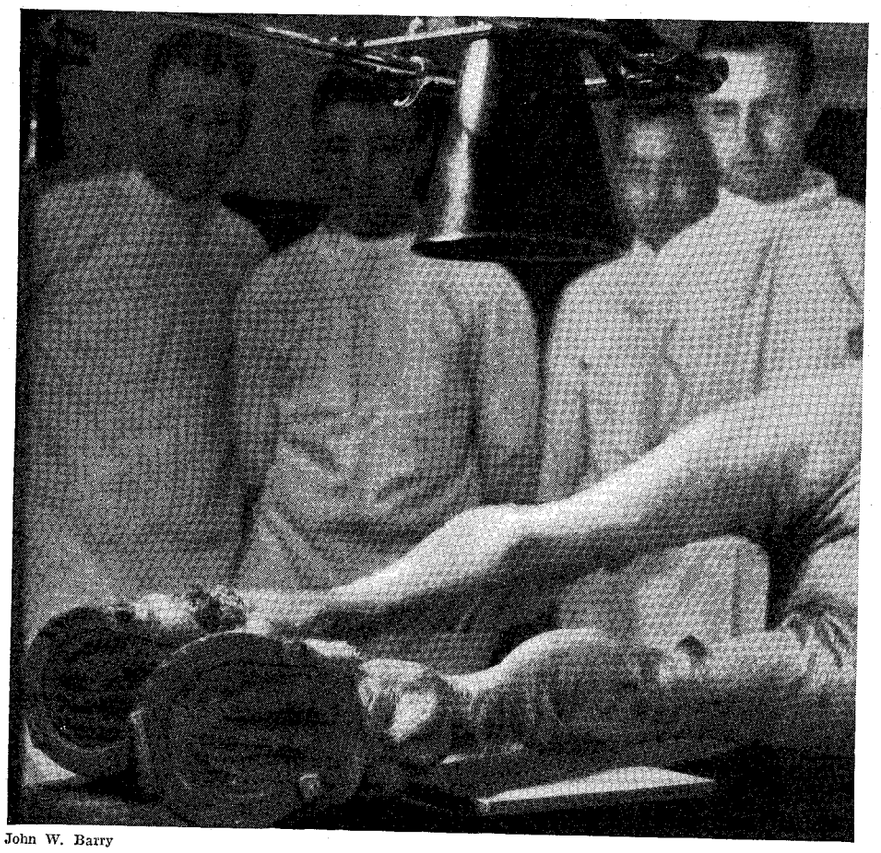
Ranald Rigby, England

When a cat licks your hand, his tongue feels like a rasp . . . here is the reason, magnified nearly forty times



Glenn Mills

Muscles in the heart . . . this photomicrograph shows abnormal "tigering" (speckled effect)



John W. Barry

Horse in a hospital . . . veterinary students at Ames College, Iowa, study horse-leg trouble

DRIVER COMPLEX: Detroit Police Clinic Makes Study of Traffic Law Violators

Motorists who make a habit of driving through red lights may not be just ordinary bad drivers. Perhaps they are overcompensating for an inferiority complex. And the driver who flees from the scene of an accident is not necessarily a coward, but may be the victim of a serious emotional maladjustment.

In most traffic courts of the country, the offender with psychiatric deviations makes his plea, pays his fine or serves his time, and goes out to sin some more. Not so in Detroit. There, a new traffic unit of the Psychopathic Clinic of the Recorder's Court has been established.

Last week, in *Public Safety*, journal of the National Safety Council, Alan Canty, traffic psychotechnologist, reported on Detroit's experiments in psychoanalyzing traffic law violators.

The ordinary motor offender never gets into the Psychopathic Clinic, for only four cases a day can be handled—that's how thorough a mental going-over the patient gets—and these are individuals referred by trial judges before whom they have been convicted. Either the number of previous convictions, or aberrations in the offender's conduct, furnish the hint

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that he may be a victim of a mental maladjustment which disqualifies him from driving a potentially death-dealing automobile.

Defects Vary—Some drivers have correctable defects, Mr. Canty finds, and others are so severely maladjusted that safety demands their elimination from the highways. A complete diagnosis is made of the individual case, embodying suggestions as to suspension or revocation of license, jail sentence, fine, probation or treatment. When treatment seems advisable the case is referred to a suitable agency.

Physical tests come first—the patient's nervous system is checked up and even his blood analyzed. Then he submits to an intelligence test, and a complete psychiatric case history is taken, including the patient's background, early environment, education, health, marital and sex history, drinking and smoking habits, and what he thinks of his mother-in-law.

A glaremeter measures his sensitivity to glare, eyes are checked for color blindness, depth of vision and visual acuity, reaction time measured on special apparatus. These tests are familiar in many traffic clinics, but the psychiatric examination which follows is something new.

The test seeks to determine the possible fears, phobias, neurotic manifestations, hallucinations or delusions, mental mechanisms, attitudes toward home, family, law, etc., which may produce a dangerous driver. This is done by written questionnaire, oral questions and observations of the examiner.

The case history of a drunken driver shows the usefulness of the psychiatric examination which led to the permanent revocation of his driving license:

"On the psychiatric examination he was unreliable, attempting to conceal pertinent details and prevaricating when questioned specifically about his police record. Further, he was irritable, impulsive and at times explosive in his reactions. The symptoms of instability, however, are secondary to his alcoholism, which has already become chronic. This man has for many years suffered from feelings of inferiority on the basis of his small stature.

"His irritable and explosive behavior then is but an unconscious defense against these feelings, while the alcoholism represents a flight from reality or an attempt to escape from a hostile environment. The only means by which such emotional maladjustment can be corrected is through the medium of psychiatric treatment. In this case, however, his age, lack of intelligence, and unwillingness to co-operate preclude such a possibility."

The border-line case who may well become a serious menace to the life and limb of pedestrians is represented in this history of a man who had accumulated forty-five summonses for traffic violations:

"The psychiatric examination revealed serious deviations. In the emotional sphere, he was extremely voluble, excitable and unstable.

"His silly, inadequate excuses for the lies he told were comparable to the juvenile manner in which he maligns the court and the police department in defense of his behavior. He was abnormally confused and at times irritable.

"He showed a number of signs of mental disorder, as an inability to concentrate or to have his thoughts follow one another in normal fashion. It is the opinion of the Clinic that this man is suffering from a serious mental disorder, not of sufficient magnitude to render him legally insane, but certainly one which requires medical and psychiatric attention."

Psychotechnologist Canty believes there is a significant relationship between attitude and accident proneness, is hopefully experimenting with various attitude tests, while his unique clinic helps to bar car-killers from Detroit streets before they have a chance to maim and murder.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Pole—Persistent parachuters are the Russians, noted for their mass demonstrations in which a hundred or more jumpers leap out of planes simultaneously. Now comes M. V. Vodopyanov, Soviet airman, with the proposal that a colony of earnest scientists be dropped at the North Pole *via* parachute. Fuel, dog teams and food supplies would be floated down in freight parachutes, together with radio transmitters to permit the scientists to let the world know how things are up there on the roof. Plans for the return trip are pretty much up in the air, the parachute being notoriously a one-way transportation unit.

* * *

Cigarettes—Spice cans and syrup jugs in the kitchen cupboard play a big part in giving certain cigarettes their distinctive flavors. Foster D. Snell, Inc., industrial chemists, report that among the flavoring agents commonly added to cigarettes are cocoa, chocolate, licorice, ginger, cinnamon, vanilla, coumarin, molasses, rum, brandy, maple syrup, oils of anise, juniper and cloves, honey and sugar.

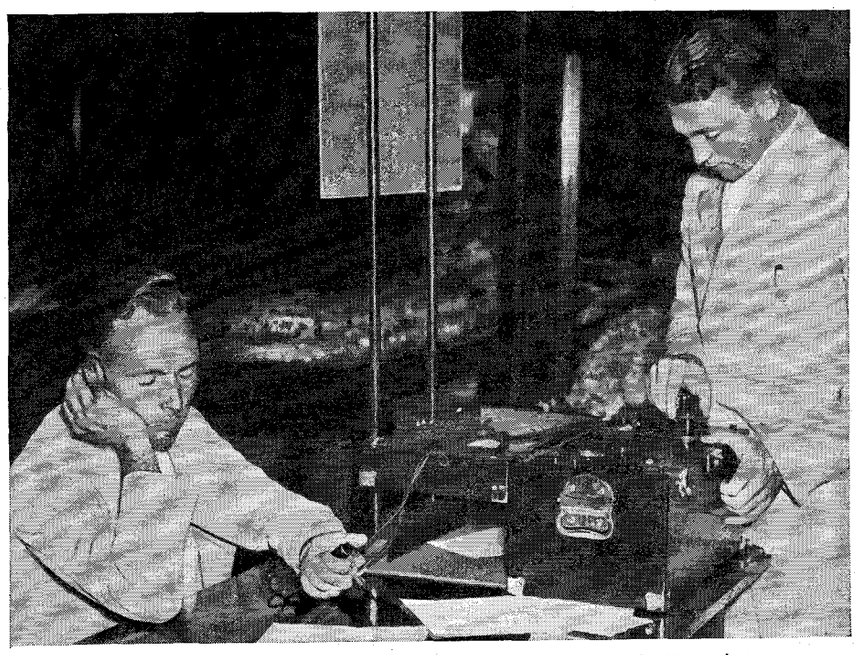
* * *

Yardstick—Counting the teeth works in determining the age of horses, but no such simple check is available—perhaps fortunately—in the case of human beings. Birthday dodgers will be dismayed by the discovery of Dr. Kendall B. Corbin and Ernest D. Gardner of Stanford University that insulated nerve-fibers leading out of the spinal cord begin to decrease at the age of thirty. Counting the fibers is therefore a good method of measuring age; the only trouble is that the counting process kills the patient. More testworthy is the discovery of Prof. Tatsujiro Sato of Tokyo Medical College, who reports that human blood gets thicker with advancing years, may furnish an age index by viscosity.

* * *

Catalogs—Bulky catalogs of national mail order concerns are undergoing a slimming diet of titanium dioxid guaranteed to produce a sylph-like figure. Titanium dioxid is a newly commercialized pigment which, applied to papers so thin as to be almost transparent, makes them perfectly opaque and beautifully white. Hence some mail order firms have been able to cut the weight of their catalogs in half by using thin papers which were previously impracticable. Titanium is not so rare a metal as it sounds; it comprises about one-half of one per cent. of the earth's crust.

Testing bad drivers for high blood pressure . . .



. . . and for defective hearing, aids in accounting for accidents and traffic violations

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MODERN WOMEN DEFY TERROR OF AGE

But Hollywood Remains Shy in Birthday Revelations

My birthday! what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And now each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its *mark* appears.
—*Thomas Moore*

To-day, the curse of this *mark* no longer haunts the world and his wife as of yore. Fashions in birthdays are changing. Age-psychology has gotten off to a new tangent. And, strangely enough, women whom it most concerns have a serious hand in it. To every beauty queen of the 1890's there are a dozen in 1937 who have no fears or qualms about getting old.

Actress Lynn Fontanne is proud of her fifty-three years because she looks so young.

Others who a generation ago would have swooned at age problems are Ethel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Nazimova, Helen Wills Moody, Billie Burke, Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford and Marion Davies.

The fact is, famous women who no longer withhold their ages form a formidable army. Helena Rubinstein, international beauty expert, reports that patrons admit their ages freely, but don't think about it. In the past three or four years, she reveals, they have rapidly approached the Parisian view-point that a woman can not be truly beautiful or attractive until she is at least thirty.

Most of the famous charmers of Europe, Madame Rubinstein points out, are over forty.

For example, look at Mrs. Wallis Simpson, she says. "The most talked-of woman in the world is past forty."

Ah, zese French!—In Paris to-day, a woman is never middle-aged. The term is just not applied.

People there are not so self-conscious about their ages. According to standards in the French Capital, a woman's face is uninteresting before thirty, lacks expression and character.

However, beauty-salon clients want to emphasize the good points of their own particular ages and to look as young as they can, with grace and dignity. And modern beauty culture helps them to look beautiful, no matter how old they are.

Recently a woman who was about thirty-five came into a New York salon, asked to be made to look young. Her small son had asked her the day before: "Mother, why did you get married when you were so old—all the other boys have such young-looking mothers." So she tried to please him.

She was one of the many women who seek rejuvenation at the insistence of their children.

Why have birthdays always been such a terror to many women? Psychologists have figured out that Madame wants to remain young to be attractive to her husband and others. In subconscious reality, she probably wants to remain attractive to please herself. This is a form of Narcissus complex (self-love); but it goes deeper.

The true basis is the fantasy which she builds up around herself: She wants to be twenty-five, so she pretends to herself that she *is*, thirty-eight or not.

"IT'S AN INVITATION FROM CLAIRE TO ATTEND THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER FORTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY"
—G. Wolfe in N. Y. American

This type likes to be older during adolescence; likes to be younger after passing the physical prime of beauty. As mental development generally stops with adolescence for this group and physical development keeps on, such women live in an instinctive emotional world of their own, apart from reason; tend to make everything into what they would like it to be, irrespective of what it really is, including accuracy about their ages.

Many people who know they are one age, firmly believe they are younger or older, so great is the power of their "wish-thinking." One major cause of this is the modern trend of living. In the 1890's women lived for the home, thought it no bother to have babies, were less concerned with public flaunting of sex appeal. The type of woman who does not worry about her age is the rational woman with enough strength to look at life realistically, and make the best of it. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is a good example of this "growing old gracefully."

Jane Wyatt helps Frank Capra cut his birthday cake duplicate of "Lost Horizon" set

Those who do worry, say psychologists, are the so-called child-women like *Ophelia* and *Manon Lescaut*, who lived in the world of their own illusions, refused to recognize reality and tried to repulse the intrusion of time and age in their lives.

Perennial Thirty-nine—Nevertheless, in the acting profession, age still is a fetish. William Gaxton, shepherd of the Lambs' Club and star of "White Horse Inn," says: "I never knew a leading man who was over thirty-nine. Therefore, I, my dear, am thirty-nine." The secret of an actor's success, he explains, is remaining a perpetual juvenile.

Once in a while an actor will admit he's between forty and fifty, but very seldom. It's the movies that cause this. People want young heroes and heroines except in character parts.

Joking about their actual age is a favorite pastime with actors. They've had some trouble about it lately because newspaper "Who's Who" items definitely date them, often guessing at an age even beyond the real one.

According to Charles Washburn of Actor-Producer George Abbott's staff: Men are far more vain about concealing their age than women. Ernest Truex, he says, will look you straight in the eye and say he's thirty-five, whereas he must be at least forty or forty-five. Elisha Cook, Jr., the boy in "Ah, Wilderness," is a perpetual twenty-eight, tho he's in his thirties.

Some of the younger ones, tho, add years to their age in hopes they'll make directors think they have more experience. Frank Albertson, lead in "Brother Rat," plays the part of a boy of twenty-two, is himself twenty-eight, but said he was thirty to get the job.

Glamour Girls—In Hollywood they do not give out the ages of stars. The business, after all, is to create glamour, and a star over forty is not usually considered glamourous, say press agents. However, their birthdays are usually gala events. Frank Capra, Columbia's ace director, received one of the most novel surprizes of Hollywood birthdays from the cast of "Lost Horizon." He got an exact replica of Shangri-La, the largest single unit set ever built in Hollywood, duplicated in cake.

Binnie Barnes was born at midnight between March 25-26, so she compromises by celebrating with a party at midnight between the two days.

The age bugaboo has lately appeared again in the Social Security Act. During the depression, many men of forty or more were cashiered as "too old" and replaced by younger men. So they bought younger clothes, dyed gray hair around ears, and got away with it. Along came the Social Security Bureaus, demanding the correct ages.

But the Government assures these people there is no cause for anxiety, states: "You can and must tell the truth about your age when you apply for participation in the Old Age Benefit System. But your employer will never know about it."

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Entertainment

PUN AND PUNCH: Radio Comics Supply Audience With Quip Reserve

Informed that his boss, famed City Editor Charles Chapin, was ill, Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist, made this now historic comeback: "I hope it's nothing trivial."

Recently, Walter Winchell, hearing that his friend Ben Bernie had sprained an ankle, flashed this over the air-waves: "I don't know of a nicer guy it could happen to!"

Not everybody is as quick on the comeback trigger, but those who follow the national scene closely say the art of such small talk is developing so fast that America may become one day what Europe already thinks it is—a nation of wise-crackers.

It's all because of the radio. Listening in on the cross-fire of wit on the air-waves, Americans nightly are able to build up a constant supply of *bons mots* to floor their neighbors.

A lightning-like quip pulled by Jack Benny registers from coast to coast, and the next day people in St. Louis, Atlanta and Grand Forks are springing it on their way to the office.

On Sunday nights, Benny, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker and others make the ether fairly sizzle with verbal give-and-take with their stooges.

Fred Astaire and Stooge Charles Butterworth currently are riding high on the humor waves.

George & Gracie—Thousands of women parrot Gracie Allen's classic, "And I'm pretty, too!" to turn aside a compliment or *vice versa;* and how many of their husbands fall back on George Burns's "Quiet, please"!

Comedian Penner's "You nasty man!" was a nifty done to death by every street urchin a couple of years back. Already, waggish Bernie's "Yowsah!" has become part of the national idiom. Kate Smith's "Hello, Everybody!" and Major Bowes's "All right, *all* right!" have come to have meaning in colloquial language.

Most of this small talk is ground out with proverbial "literary sweat" by the unsung gag man. If Eddie Cantor put his public in stitches for years it was because the late Dave Freedman burned gallons of midnight oil in faithful yeoman service to him. That so many others are able to do likewise is because of another laborer in pun-land, Al Boasberg.

Some of them have built up tremendous joke libraries. Comedian Ed Wynn's is one of the largest.

There is, of course, much "natural" wit, and one of the chief producers of it is the National Capital. When Mr. Justice Stone first went over to inspect the new Supreme Court building, he took one look at the façade of the imposing white marble quarters, and observed: "We'll look like nine black beetles in the Temple of Kulak."

Congressional Quips — Once during the speakership of Tom Brackett Reed, long-winded Rep. William Springer of Illinois orated, "Like Henry Clay I would rather be right than be President." Speaker Reed nasaled audibly, "The gentleman from Illinois need not be alarmed. He will never be either."

President Taft, a heavy eater, often snoozed after lunch while politicians tried to talk with him. Once, after Taft had fallen asleep while Sen. Jim Watson was talking very excitedly, Watson told Taft: "Mr. President, in all my political experience, you are the largest audience I ever put entirely to sleep."

Such repartee has the three fundamentals of wit: It is humorous, unexpected, understandable.

There are several types of comebacks, says J. A. G. Rice, *Saturday Evening Post* writer, and an expert conversationalist knows them all and is able to weigh and pick the type he needs for each occasion. One is the pun. The "invert" is a second type. Example of it is the double-cross, or deliberate misinterpretation of another's remark, as in the story attributed to a member of the French Chamber of Deputies.

Before turning Left-wing politician, he had been a veterinarian. A conservative member of the Chamber, in an attempt to squelch the Left-winger, rose from his seat and said venomously, "Is it really true, my dear man, that you are a veterinarian?" "Yes," was the answer; "are you ill?"

The deliberate misuse of catchwords is another example of the invert type. "He certainly can take it," said Joe Williams of Carnera during the Baer-Carnera fight. "Yes," said Heywood Broun, sitting next to him, "but he doesn't know what to do with it."

Or Dorothy Parker's typical remark on a well-known actress: "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B."

The Velvet Glove—Then there is the velvet-glove remark: An old lady is watching the tango for the first time. "I suppose it's all right," she says, "if they really love each other." A crack like this seems very simple on the surface, but it packs an awful wallop.

Still a third type of comeback is the "betterism." This consists chiefly of going any one just one better on any remark he may make. Usually this takes the form of the retort ridiculous. And the Marx Brothers are very apt at this.

It's also important to know how to cope with such a triple-threat wag. Margery Wilson, famed New York charm teacher, says her technique is never to squelch the wise-cracker or the back-slapper. He just wants to exalt his ego, anyway, and the best way to cope with him is to flatter him to death. By antagonizing him you only prolong his mania. But by flattering him you may actually cure him and save yourself a good deal of trouble to boot, she reasons.

Dale Carnegie has a psychological answer for America's turn to wise-crack. He feels there is less small talk to-day than in previous periods because people have become more exercised over politics and economics. But after the War, he notes, small talk seemed to be the order of the day, perhaps as a reaction from the tension of the War period.

No tension grips Actress Mae West. After a recent birthday cake, a toast was drunk to her in champagne. Her response was, as usual, a classic:

"Here's real pain to my sham friends and champagne to my real friends."

Eddie Cantor's quips make for a witty nation

Joe Penner's inanities . . .

Small talk for America: Jack Benny's cracks . . .

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Screen

KING IN COMEDY: "The King and the Chorus-Girl" Carries On "Merry Widow" Tradition

No stranger to success, Mervyn LeRoy continues to tote gold with "The King and the Chorus-Girl," his first motion-picture as an independent producer working with his own money.

This joyous screen enterprise stands up on two sturdy legs in its major bid for triumph: It offers Fernand Gravet as a new screen idol and has the accidental fact of timeliness to help arouse audience talk.

Months ago, before the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Ernest Simpson became headline-dwellers, Scenarist Norman Krasna and Comedian Groucho Marx decided to gouge a new angle out of the Graustark-Merry Widow tradition. They wrote the story of a young, bored ex-King who falls in love with an American chorus-girl. They told the story to LeRoy, he bought it. They scurried to a typewriter and larruped it out, adding a dramatic point: They thought it would be amusing if the chorus-girl induced the alcoholic monarch to stop drinking.

The film was half finished when King Edward VIII grew restless on his throne, almost finished when it became titbit news that Mrs. Simpson had prevailed on him to reduce his drinking. The cameras were grinding out the last feet of film when King Edward abdicated and became, an unforeseen aid to exploitation of the picture, an ex-Monarch.

Comedy—At those points the picture loses any resemblance to the famous romance, and becomes a hustling, powerfully funny motion-picture. LeRoy's vast knowledge of screen technique, Krasna's plotting powers and Marx's clown talents have combined to make one of the most expert and agreeable pictures of the new year. It is safe to say that it will be high in the list of the year's best.

Curiously, altho no parallel to the British romance was intended or thought, there is one more point certain to cause comment. Gravet, a French actor, looks uncannily the way the Duke of Windsor looked ten years ago.

The picture opens with the former King living in Paris, hub-deep in liquor and money. His once vast court has been reduced to two faithfuls: A count and a duchess.

They flutter and dance about him, desperately hoping to awaken his interest in life and remove it from bottles. He is unsusceptible to women.

At the Folies Bergère, where the King's boredom reaches gigantic proportions, they find the American chorus-girl. She is not interested in an offer to become a possible whet to the young man's interest. When he learns of her indifference, he snaps to life and determines she shall become interested.

Obviously, here is no plot shining with newness. It is of a piece with the foundations of "The Merry Widow" and, still more closely, of "Die Fledermaus." Lehar and Strauss would find it familiar stuff, until that point where mythical kingdom tradition goes bouncing out and LeRoy comes in.

It is a loon item when LeRoy gets at it, taking turns of unexpected pace and achieving magnificent hilarity. On occasion bold, it misses censor troubles adroitly and the quality of audacity poured into it provides spirit and a fine comic richness.

Gravet, discovered in Paris by LeRoy and snugly tied up in a personal contract to that wily one, probably will achieve the heights scaled by Chevalier at the top of his American cinema vogue, may even surpass him. He is engaging, handsome and a good actor. His personality virtually springs off the screen.

Luckiest in the cast is Joan Blondell, who has been suffering through a succession of mediocre pictures for more than a year. LeRoy gave her especial direction, had her make-up changed, fast-talked her into a new personality. She is nothing like her previous performances in the new picture, doubtless wins a new clutch on Hollywood as the result of what "The King and the Chorus-Girl" will do for her.

Fernand Gravet, the ex-King . . . Joan Blondell, the chorus-girl who reformed him

MUSTANG-FARE: Harte's Classic "Outcasts of Poker Flat" Becomes Exciting Western

Most indefatigable of the studios digging gold out of ghost-town Western antics is RKO. Veering sagaciously away from out-and-out six-shooter Westerns, it patterns its mustang-fare after the classic yarns of the trails. Thus, Bret Harte's inventions are fodder for its artful cameras. Newest in the series is "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," one of Harte's prime exhibits.

As heretofore, the Western department is entrusted to Robert Sisk, a producer candidly fascinated by the didoes of the ancient West and its husky men.

The plot course of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is about as familiar as the Statue of Liberty, and no liberties have been taken with it. It still recounts the fable of the good bad-man who dies rather than cause unhappiness to a school-marm flower of the West, nobly plowing a bullet through himself at the right moment.

Preston Foster is assigned the rôle of playing *John Oakhurst,* the gambler who loved little children and innocent school-teachers. Tho it is no easy assignment in a day when even audiences of little children might hoot such square-jawed nobility, he accomplishes the matter handily and with nice credibility.

The rôle of the school-teacher is in the capable care of Jean Muir, a handsome borrow from the Warner ranks of stars. Margaret Irving is pleasant as the *Duchess,* partner of *Oakhurst* in the gambling-hall. Van Heflin, a youngster fetched out to Hollywood from the Broadway theater, is poised and commanding in his first screen venture, the rôle of the preacher-rival of the gambler.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The King and the Chorus-Girl"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "Fire Over England"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA,* Excellent; *AAA,* Good; *AA,* Acceptable, and *A,* Poor.

LURING TEAM: Taylor and Harlow Feature "Personal Property," M.-G.-M. Farce

Among the fainter talents of Robert Taylor, currently the cinema's major catnip, is farce. At his best when seething romantically, something happens when he is called on to clown. The result, from a critical point of view, is disappointment in "Personal Property," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's teaming of the authentic box-office name lures, Taylor and Jean Harlow. Nothing critics may think is likely to

A powwow between Preston Foster and Margaret Irving in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"

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alter the popularity of a combination like that.

Taylor, who conceivably would draw audiences if he were photographed doing nothing more piquant than keeping a set of double-entry books, plays a rival to his elder brother in this one, which relies on dialog fooling for its major wit. The picture has been made from an English play which was a passing Broadway success seven years ago as "The Man in Possession." Five years ago, it was a motion-picture. This time it is just a reason to see Taylor and Harlow on the same screen.

Miss Harlow, a capital comédienne, is delicious in the rôle of the bankrupt American widow who angles for a wealthy husband. Taylor is less adroit than usual, seems stiffened by the demands of comedy. Reginald Owen is at his customary top in the fumbling rôle of a boorish elder brother.

Letters and Art

NEEDLEWORK: Tattoo Art Traced From Egyptian Tombs to American Social Security

One out of every ten persons in the United States is, or has been, tattooed. And they aren't all sailors. The figures break down into one out of every five men, and one out of every fifteen women.

Whether or not the Greeks had a word for it, present-day psychiatrists have several: "exhibitionism" and "masochism," for example. Yet the art, if it may be called that, antedates civilization, going back to the barbaric days when people didn't account for their foibles by the rule of Freud. Mummies found in Egyptian tombs carry evidence of tattooing. And the Bible not only mentions, but forbids it: Leviticus, 19:28, warns: "Ye shall not make cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you."

What accounts for this love of skin decoration is something that each individual who goes in for it must answer for himself. There is no mass explanation beyond the psychological generalization of "showing off," or the Spartan desire to withstand pain heroically.

Yet, without any accounting, hundreds of people bob into tattooing parlors daily to have something etched indelibly on their bodies. Indelibly, that is, unless they change their minds and appear a few days later to have it removed. For tattooers make a third of their income from the ability to remove designs that have been applied while the subject was in a state of devil-may-care, and wakened to regret it.

Origin—Despite the centuries back of it, the disagreement as to its origin (generally credited to savage New Zealand tribes), and its continuous popularity, there is no place in the world to-day, and never has been, where one may go to learn tattooing. It has to be "picked up." Most of the artists now gainfully or otherwise employed learned their trade while at sea, from some old tar who had also learned it while at sea. The undisputed masters of the trade learned it in Japanese ports, for the Orientals are generally credited with perfecting cuticle sculpting to the high (and nearly painless) degree in which it now stands.

Nippon's tattooers are also responsible for the fast, electric needle device now used for everything but the finest lines, which must be done by the slower and more painful hand process. And some unknown and unheralded Japanese needle artist was responsible for a three-inch-square, brown, red and green dragon, drawn fierce and curly, which the late George V of England had inscribed on the under side of his left forearm while a midshipman on the training ship *Bacchante*.

To-day's tattooing is accomplished by means of an electrically wired machine that resembles an oversized mechanical pencil. For ordinary designs, the "needle" is made up of six or eight ordinary needles (size 12) held together at the tip of the machine. With the current on, these lash in and out of the device with the speed of a snake's tongue, and puncture the skin's first two layers, depositing varicolored inks in accordance with the design, which previously has been outlined on the skin in chalk.

Sensation—Tattooers claim this doesn't hurt—"No more than the bite of a mosquito," say they. But any one who has been tattooed while in the full possession of his faculties will liken it to the persistent sting of a wasp. A small design, about an inch and a half long, can be finished in five minutes, with little bleeding during the process. But two and three days later it will be sensitive, and extremely sore to the touch, no matter how skilfully it was applied.

Currently, tattooing is on the rise. And according to specialists in the field, it is a true barometer of good times, for most of their patrons look on it as a luxury, not to be indulged when money is scarce. It is also popular during wartime, when soldiers and sailors want a permanent identification. Years marked by important events, such as world fairs and coronations, are peak years for tattooing. London tattooists have more business than they can fill, anticipating the Coronation, and have worked out appropriate designs that will forever recall this Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred Thirty-Seven and the ascension of George VI.

Oddly enough, the New Deal's Social Security Act gave a boost to epidermis engraving. Leon Roodener, forty-five-year-old Memphis, Tennessee, builder, wanted some permanent record of his number, not being one to trust to memory or government records. Promptly upon receiving his

Karger-Pix photos

Chief Long-Hair Harry, famous Bowery tattoo artist, gives clients a choice of 5,000 designs at minimum rates

Tattoo Facts

Prices:

Small designs (anchors, serpents, etc.)—$.75.

Full-rigged ship with rising sun—$1.25.

Large designs, running to a foot square—as high as $8.

Most tattooers will give a beauty spot or one set of initials to women free.

Customers:

Waldo Peirce, painter.
Linton Wells, foreign correspondent.
Dorothy Parker, writer.
Eugene O'Neill, playwright.
Sancha Hale, English actress.
Princess Aimée Crocker Gallitzen.

Rules:

Men are refused admission to the Army or Navy if they have obscene tattooing. They must have the offensive drawing covered with more tattoo, or removed. No tattooer may legally remove tattooing without a doctor's license.

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To be sure you're getting the latest information—to be sure you're expected—*telephone ahead.*

Long Distance is quick, convenient, *inexpensive*—and *too useful* to be kept in reserve merely for emergencies.

8 RATE REDUCTIONS IN RECENT YEARS HAVE SUBSTANTIALLY CUT THE COST OF LONG DISTANCE SERVICE

TYPICAL 3-MINUTE STATION-TO-STATION RATES	DAY	NIGHT and SUNDAY
Indianapolis to Cleveland	$1.00	$ .60
Atlanta to Washington, D. C.	1.70	1.05
Chicago to New York	2.20	1.35
Los Angeles to Detroit	5.25	3.50

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numerical identification, he hastened to a local tattooer, had the figures emblazoned forever on his left arm, the first man to be thus marked. Hundreds of others, tattooers report, have followed Roodener's trail, incorporating their numbers in shields or other designs.

Tattooing, like many another craft, is seasonal, and seems to flourish in warm weather. As Apache (Chief Long Hair) Harry put it: "It's hard to get them to take their coats off in cold weather." Inasmuch as most tattooing parlors are in the nether recesses of drafty, fifth-rate barber shops, his point is well taken.

During Glow—Most people, despite the fact that tattooers deny it because they think it a reflection on their craft, have tattooing done while they are in the roseate glow of alcohol. Others are intoxicated by love or fraternalism. Club, lodge or fraternity members meeting in convention frequently wish to tighten the bands of brotherhood with a permanent mark of membership. Lovers of both sexes seek to testify to undying faithfulness by having each other's initials incorporated in their bodies as permanent evidence.

When love dies, as it so often will, the initials prove an embarrassing memento. Skilled craftsmen make names and enormous business for themselves by working outdated initials into designs that disguise them.

One such artist, confronted by a client who had loved a girl named Adele, and had worn her name over his heart longer than he had nurtured her love inside it, worked the letters into an ornate Napoleonic hat, with the General's countenance below it, moving in a lifelike fashion with the beat of the heart.

Tattooing is an ideal form of identification, which has often helped in distinguishing criminals when there was no equipment for immediate finger-print checkup. Last December, a tattooed lady carnival performer, arrested in Buffalo, New York, on a charge of theft, required two large entry cards to record her marks of identification. Some years ago, a case was decided solely on tattoo evidence. A wealthy boy of seventeen and a chum had their initials tattooed together as a college lark. Two years later, the wealthy youth disappeared or was kidnaped. Twenty years later, a man of his age and approximate description appeared, presented himself to the executors of the estate, requesting the boy's large inheritance.

The boyhood friend was a witness against him, for he still bore the old tattoo marks, whereas the claimant had no such evidence to offer.

Puzzle B: see solution on page 26

Puzzle A: see solution on page 26

Styles in tattoo are only slightly affected by time and fashion, most artists say. *Mickey Mouse, Popeye,* and *Betty Boop* are now part of every artist's stock in trade, but are no more popular than some of the oldest designs.

Los Angeles's Longfellow Bustamonte recently stirred tattooers by announcing that he had felt the pulse of surrealism and that his clients were demanding abstract creations.

New York's world famous Bowery tattooers hastily and vehemently denied the charge. Apache Harry, in the trade for thirty years (he combines tattooing with oil paintings, which he sells for $1 apiece), says his "falsh" of 5,000 designs, most of them as old as his business, still are more in demand than the "new-fangled" ones.

Recently he had a rush order for the head of George Washington, which he turned out at breakneck speed. Being as good a salesman as he is a craftsman, he talked the client into another line to identify his work.

Not having time enough to get all the letters in, he captioned it: "The Vernon Kid—1732." He admits he may have been wrong about the date, but he didn't have time to check it.

"Millie," another famous Bowery tattooist, is one of the few women in the business. Her partner (an ex-circus performer like herself), Tommy Lee, known as the "Walking Bible" because of the hundreds of religious subjects that cover him, explains Millie's success: "Any man would rather have Millie work on him for $5 than have me do it for nothing. It's the psychology."

PARSING PUZZLES: Authors Give Ten Bamboozling Clues in New Craze

A young man who should have been working sat at his desk quietly brooding. Suddenly he turned to his sympathizing but powerless colleagues.

"Listen," he said, savagely. "What am I going to do? My girl friend is doing those picture puzzles for a contest, and she's stuck. I told her I'd get the answer to a tough one. I've spent three nights on it, and I don't know what it's all about. You've got to help me!"

But the young man and his thousand fellow boasters have eaten their words and are pretty powerless without expert advice. As a wave of picture puzzles sweeps the country, two experts step up to explain how it's done. To Bob Bradley and William S. Meyerson, who have run hundreds of puzzle contests, the whole thing is pretty simple. They know all the tricks of the picture-puzzle trade and they're willing to talk.

To begin with, there are just ten types of clues the puzzle-maker can bamboozle an audience with. The most popular one is the suggestion concealed in some object. A little boy standing out of doors in the sun with mother calling "John" immediately tells the astute puzzle-solver that the name is "Johnson."

Conversation Hints—There are, secondly, the hints hidden in the conversation of the people in a picture. A man is protesting to his wife, who says "Er—" that he can't walk any farther. To a keen raveler this is elementary. The answer is the name "Walker."

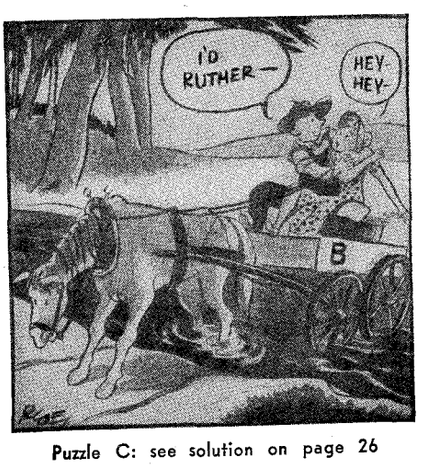
Of course, one word suggests another. By tracing out the possibility of synonyms it's possible to crack some of the toughest nuts. A little boy may be balancing a feather on one finger in a puzzle, as his proud father says: "Here's a cent for you." Right away the answer comes back: "Pennyfeather."

Other problems are solved when the puzzle-fan remembers that he has to know definitions. As he gets to harder and harder problems he relies heavily on his cross-word puzzle vocabulary and the family dictionary. When the picture is of a man saying: "That's a female chicken" and there are the letters "ry" somewhere about, the puzzle-fan ought to recognize pretty quickly that the answer is "Henry."

Measurements—Another place where the memory and dictionary come in handy is in figuring out what uncommon measurements mean. It's well to keep in mind that 5,280 feet make a mile; and it's also good to remember that "yew" standing around anywhere means "you" in all probability, that "sea" is going to be "see" and *vice versa.*

If people are running madly in pictures, it's a good time to try to fit "race" into the scheme of things. Frequently, too, the sounds people are grunting in pictures can be tied up with good advantage to the object they're tugging at, or leaning on.

As one final fool-proof tip, Bradley and Meyerson suggest that the solution-seeker repeat aloud the answer he has worked out. Frequently in the depths of discouragement the solution-hound tosses aside a perfectly good solution just because it looks peculiar. Any one, for example, working out "Theme-ill-lawn-thief-loss" would have a hard time shaping it into



Puzzle C: see solution on page 26

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PARENTS *should know about this—*

The Tuberculin Test
The doctor injects a liquid called tuberculin into the skin. Later, by the appearance of the skin around the injection, he can tell whether or not the germs of tuberculosis have previously entered the body.

In many of the foremost schools and colleges, students are given tuberculin tests and also X-ray examinations, when they seem advisable. The tuberculin test shows whether or not a boy or girl has picked up germs of tuberculosis. If the test shows that germs are present, X-ray pictures help to reveal whether or not the germs have done any damage.

In the schools where it is convenient to do so, mothers are invited to be present at the time the test is made. It is important that all parents should more fully understand how the early discovery of tuberculosis and proper treatment may prevent future danger.

The tuberculin test is in no sense a preventive, or a cure. When followed by X-ray pictures that show trouble is brewing, it points the way to modern, scientific treatment of the patient.

In case your child does not attend a school which provides the tuberculin test and X-ray examinations, you will probably wish to consult a physician. He can arrange to have these lifesaving precautions taken in his own office or elsewhere. Tuberculosis, especially in the beginning, can almost always be brought under prompt control.

When the familiar symptoms appear—a persistent cough, pain in the chest, loss of weight, undue fatigue, lack of appetite, chronic indigestion—the situation is serious and no time should be lost. They indicate that the disease is active, and that the battle with mankind's oldest enemy should begin in earnest.

In the United States great progress has been made in fighting tuberculosis. But there are still five hundred thousand persons sick with this disease. Efforts in fighting this stubborn enemy should be increased until it has disappeared like other life-destroying plagues which have been conquered by modern science.

Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Tuberculosis." Address Booklet Department 437-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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"The Mill on the Floss" unless he resorted to saying it aloud.

Basic rules set, the authors go into all steps of puzzle solution, taking the perspiring reader through the most difficult problems. When he's through, any puzzle fan will be able to face with nonchalance the most hard boiled contest.

Picture Puzzles and How to Solve Them. By Bob Bradley and William S. Meyerson. (New York: Harper & Bros.; $1.75.) 284 pages.

AFTER 40: Walter B. Pitkin Sounds a Hopeful Note in "Careers After Forty"

The Nation's head-lines:

JOBLESS OVER 45 HANDICAPPED MEN OVER 45 NOT WANTED GOVERNOR SCORES JOB SHORTAGE FOR MAN OF 45

Continued Governor McMullen of Delaware: "We must not forget the man over forty-five who is just as fit as you and I to continue his work, but who is often forced out of employment because he is considered too old."

Completely in accord with A. Van Court Miller, accounting head of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who seconded with:

"It's a strange thing but many business managements react like women do with their fashions. The general idea has circulated throughout the country, 'Don't hire a man if he is over forty.'"

One State, one industry, one Congressman have paused to investigate the situation. Massachusetts found that its department store employees—hired by companies that were father-to-son operated—continued to work unimpaired after the dreaded age of forty-five, since the work didn't require either mental or physical strain. The Automobile Manufacturers' Association checked back to discover: ". . . that the older men have been given marked preference both in continuity of employment and in volume of wages during the depression years."

Lewis Bill—But for Rep. David J. Lewis of age-conscious Delaware, this was no satisfaction. About him he saw statistics to prove that unemployment was 25 per cent. higher because men and women were forty-five and not thirty to thirty-nine. He introduced the Lewis Bill to insure employment to any man who proved himself competent. Under this bill, the worker, forty-five or over, must be hired by the employers' association of the industry in which he works. If the industry is without opportunity for the man's services—too bad. The association will have to pay anyhow.

This week, with the Lewis Bill unpassed, America's ace inspirationalist, Walter B. Pitkin, suggested another method.

"My argument is simple and unshaken," he said. "People seeking careers after forty should sedulously avoid the high-energy enterprises such as running governments, armies, political parties, or billion-dollar corporations. . . . A career after forty today is hardly more remarkable than was a career after thirty, back in your grandfather's day.

"Our pessimists aren't aware of the years and years that have been added to man's most useful period of activity, his middle age."

Correct Solutions to Puzzles on Page 24

A—Answer: Milwaukee. In this picture the child is crying "Wah." The father is trying to quiet the lad by dangling a large key. And the mill is obvious.

B—Answer: U. S. Grant. U. S. stands for the "Gov'ment," as mentioned by the farmer, and is further verified as the U. S. A. by the word "America" in the conversation. The Grant is the synonym for the deed which the man is exhibiting to his wife.

C—Answer: Rutherford B. Hayes. In the "balloon" at the left is the word Ruther. The horse is pulling the cart across a ford. The letter B painted on the wagon completes a unit. The astonished and indignant maiden is exclaiming "Hey-hey" or Heys.

For people in the Pitkin prime period, there are a number of jobs—mostly without any glamour—where age can compete with youth. The list of fifty such posts includes: Watchmen, chippers, inspectors, crane operators, gardeners, markers, guides, cashiers, truckers. Not too prepossessing a range, Author Pitkin readily admits; but a step in the right direction.

Time to Forget—When the average man or woman of forty hears that polite: "We're sorry, but we think the job calls for some one younger," it's usually the time to forget all about that field.

"Most people," says the professor, "when left to their own devices, mill around in a tiny corral like penned steers, trampling down their own litter and mooing through cracks in the fence."

Instead of getting out and sniffing new terrains they sit at home, read the same papers, think in the same old rut. If they were wise they'd "wake up and live," get out and look for the unusual jobs that can be done.

In the past-forty job hunt, there are a couple of warnings posted: Married women should look for careers outside business and industry; every one should realize that there are plenty of opportunities that can still be manufactured.

By Tom McCoy. Courtesy McGraw-Hill

Walter B. Pitkin wrote "Careers After Forty" to prove that "Life Begins at Forty"

Typical jobs of people who have thought out their problems: A Michigan man rents bees to orchards. No longer need Michigan fruit-growers worry about whether a few bees will show up to pollenize their trees. This resourceful man trucks whole hives around from orchard to orchard, renting them to farmers for a fee, and later toting the swarms back home.

An ingenious woman of forty plus: Besides years, this job-applicant had considerable bulk. As she walked into the office of the personnel manager of a department store she was wearing a particularly violent sweater of yellow, and a shapeless object it was, too. When the personnel manager suggested she remove it, the applicant refused, pointing out that it made her look smaller. The executive looked again. The job-hunter was right. She did look smaller. In a trice the two of them arranged for the designing of a whole series of such creations for the exclusive use of larger women.

Not Exceptions—From Kansas City: There, a shrewd post-forty citizen thought up a good idea. She started business as a telephone answerer. Into her office came the phone calls directed to her subscribers—doctors, dentists, lawyers—who had to have quiet while they worked, and yet be in touch with their clients. The woman handles all appointments, routine inquiries, and connects the fewest possible number with her employers.

These people are by no means exceptions. They've just realized that America is really a land of opportunity and have taken advantage of the situations in which they found themselves. Why, says Pitkin, people of the middle period have a better chance than ever before!

To-day in New York City fifteen out of every hundred lawyers are either starving or living on charity—if they're in their twenties or thirties. But come the forties, and business picks up for the starving attorneys. And that's true for other fields as well, where mature, experienced people are needed. It's a wise career man who will hunt in these fields and leave the barren ones severely alone.

Beware Of—Fields to keep out of: High-energy fields that require brute strength are best skipped over, as are the pleasures of commercial flying. Then that perennial temptation — chicken-raising, or its kin, plain dirt-farming. Journalism in any form is best avoided. Women past forty had better keep out of department-store selling —this in spite of the findings of the Massachusetts Commission on the Stabilization of Employment. Just a few more discouragements — library service, cost accounting veterinary medicine.

But Author Pitkin is not out to dishearten the men and women past forty. Still—before he gets to the really lucrative chances—he thinks a word advisable on the half-closed fields where the individual may pass at his own risk. The rapidly opening realm of air-conditioning is a good bet if the job-hunter has had some sort of training in the field before. This holds for women in social work, where the competition with bright-eyed young things fresh from college is pretty stiff.

Now for the wide-open gold-mines for the folks past forty. For one thing, there are the cooperative movements now so

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rapidly spreading throughout the country. Here nobody is rushing around as in the standard profit-making department stores. The pace is leisurely, there's little firing of employees done because they're shareholders in the movement. An ideal set-up for middling-aged people.

Travel bureaus hold opportunities for a few of the most alert folks. In Louisville during the depression the Crescent Hill Women's Club organized a travel committee that ran all sorts of trips—a Citizenship Pilgrimage to Washington, special trips to Bermuda. By a little clear-headed work this group was able to beat all hollow the staid travel bureaus of Louisville. To-day, with luxury-liners and tramp-steamers alike crowded to the rails with eager passengers, there's a big opening for people who can plan trips abroad for busy and fortunate fellow citizens.

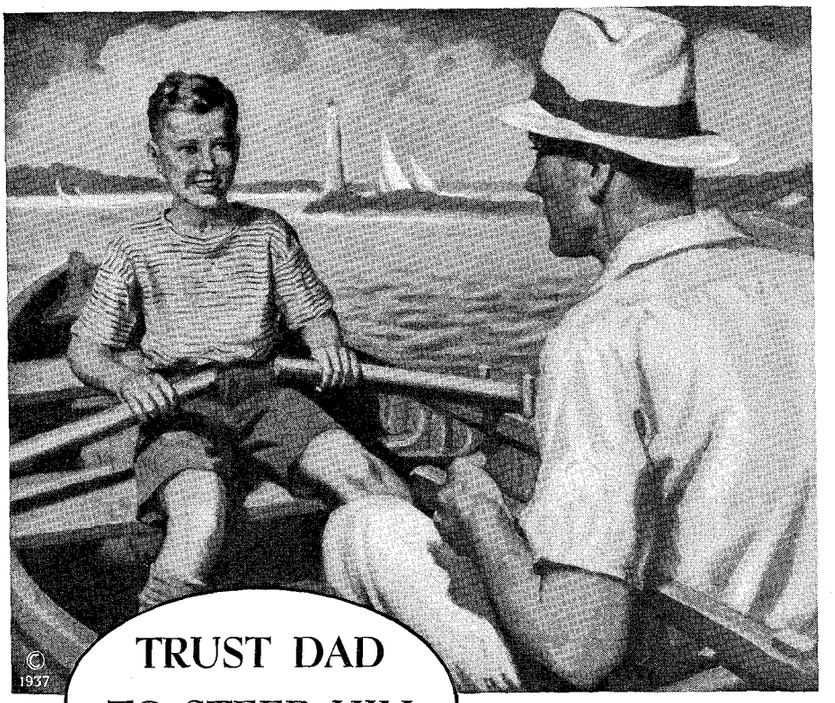
Suggestions—For untrained women: They may become chaperons, house mothers, and supervisors in institutions—especially girls' schools and colleges. They may become renting agents for real estate, chiefly in large cities. Or matrons, hostesses, house directors, and housekeepers. They can even work into professional shopping.

If these suggestions do not appeal, Pitkin has more to offer, especially for the candidate with fair education and the chance to study hard for twelve or eighteen months to master a new job range. After a maximum of a year and a half of work the applicant will qualify to write advertising copy in a large store, or some industry. He may become a consultant in home economics, or an educational director in a department store. If he likes close contact with people he can manage a roadside inn or a retail highway stand, make candy, or run a day nursery.

Foresight—For the few who can really spend a long time preparing for a career after forty there are some good opportunities. Lawyers can develop community legal clinics to handle the numerous problems that arise in a small town. Some one with a knowledge of food and the desire for a lot of money can invent a cheap, canned dog food. A few people with vision can establish servicing stations for the trailers that will be scooting all over America by 1940. Any one who can keep one ear to the ground, find out how much life insurance people are carrying, can make himself invaluable to insurance salesmen by furnishing them with accurate information about people's insurance needs.

With these and a hundred other shrewd suggestions for getting along when past the mid-point of life, Mr. Pitkin fills his latest book. Tall, energetic to the nth degree, the Columbia Professor of Journalism is the living proof of the doctrine he preaches. Because he wants something to occupy spare moments when he isn't writing, lecturing or correcting student papers, he is a partner in a large-scale experimental farm in Centerville, Maryland. His twenty-odd books have reached a wide audience of semisluggish people. By numerous dashings over the country in air-planes, this superdynamo has spread his message to an even larger public. On no important phase of American life has he been silent—reading, careers, stupidity, learning—all have been molded into inspirational shape. To-day, having sounded the rallying cry that life begins at forty, he points the way in a new hand-book of hope.

Careers After Forty. By Walter B. Pitkin. (New York: Whittlesey House; $1.75.) 273 pages.



TRUST DAD TO STEER HIM RIGHT

That son of yours — who trusts you so implicitly — who thinks of his Dad as someone who makes the world go around for him . . . some day he will be a man, making his own way, entering a world where only his own efforts and background will count. Your hand won't be on the tiller then, but you can set his course fairly accurately now, by giving him the right start.

For your child, the "right start" means the every day, taken-for-granted things you are providing as a matter of course. It means healthful food, strength building recreation, sound schooling and a mother's care and attention.

Because these essentials are purchased by your income, that income must continue if your child is some day to face the world unhandicapped by the things that keep so many good men and women from making the most of their native ability.

Making certain your income will continue through the years is a task life insurance can be depended upon to carry out for you. Protect your family with sufficient to see them through. If you will send the coupon below, we shall mail you a copy of an interesting booklet describing the many uses of life insurance.

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CHRISTIANITY FLOWN TO ARCTIC CIRCLE

Eskimos Taught by Clergy Used to Hardships of Snow-Fields

Wan spring sunshine slanted across frozen *tundra* and sparkling snow-fields last week, cheering the far Northwest's hundred-odd missionaries as they mushed or flew their separate ways to hold Easter communion for their parishioners.

Lacking waxy flowers and Easter finery, the Indians and Eskimos nevertheless flocked enthusiastically around each *parkaed* minister on his arrival. Some were to be confirmed; others had babies still unchristened; fidgety couples wanted to be married.

To exiled whites and untutored natives alike, these intrepid missionaries of the North have for three-quarters of a century brought material and spiritual comforts of civilization to lighten the hardships of cold and isolation. Protestant and Catholic, British, French, American and Russian, they have worked side by side.

Some of their names are world-famous. Octogenarian Peter Trimble Rowe, pioneer Protestant Episcopal bishop in Alaska, still makes his rounds, taking six months by plane to cover territory that required two years by dog-sled and boat. Roman Catholic Bishop Joseph A. Crimont, one of Alaska's numerous Jesuits, is a power both politically and spiritually. "The glacier priest," Father Bernard Hubbard, is known to every moviegoer and radio fan.

Air-Plane for North—Last week, Americans heard of another Catholic bishop—an Oblate, not a Jesuit—who had ventured forth from his Fort Simpson, Northwest Territory, headquarters to buy a brand new Waco plane in New York. He was fifty-year-old Bishop Pierre Fallaize, a Frenchman making his first visit to the United States after twenty-four years among the Eskimos and Indians.

Newspaper reporters, out to record the event, found a sturdy, jovial man, looking slightly patriarchal with a long grizzled beard. He was chiefly anxious to rest, he told them, tho he'd make a few lectures, and visit the Oblate College at Newburgh, New York.

Examining his new plane, which he christened Santa Maria II, Bishop Fallaize noted that it would need skis for landing in his territory at this time of year, that in summer it would have to be outfitted with pontoons. For there are only sixteen miles of road in all the 4,000 square miles of the Bishop's Diocese, which includes most of the wild District of Mackenzie and stretches theoretically to the North Pole.

Tho he's traveled intermittently by plane ever since 1929, Bishop Fallaize is not a pilot, depends rather on Canadian Louis Bisson to take him from one village to another. Last week he sent Pilot Bisson on to Edmonton, Alberta, to pick up seventy-year-old Bishop Gabriel Breynat for a tour over the Northwest Territory. Bishop Fallaize will return by boat in June.

Hardships—From training for the priesthood at Liège, Belgium, the young Pierre Fallaize went almost immediately to his Far Northern parish. From Fort Resolution at Great Slave Lake, he traveled to Athabaska by railroad. Then came treacherous journeys by foot, canoe and motorboat up the Athabaska River and its tributaries. Seven years later, he penetrated the hostile Eskimo territory around Great Bear Lake, to learn that two previous settlers, both missionaries, had been killed, and a third had been drowned while attempting to cross a frozen lake by dog-sled on his way to greet the young Frenchman.

Pictures, Inc.

Bishop Pierre Fallaize . . . Catholicism by air-plane to Eskimos of the Arctic

Six years he worked alone among the Eskimos, living as they did in beehive-like snow *igloos*, eking out a bare existence on fish and raw meat.

Tho he soon found and still believes that their first, last and practically only ambition was to live, he worked for their conversion to Catholicism, built churches, schools and hospitals.

To-day, most of the 4,000 Indians are Catholics, but Bishop Fallaize has found the primitive Eskimos harder to convert. They adopt Protestantism easily because of its fewer obligations, he says. Chief stumbling blocks Christianity holds for them are the Sixth and Tenth Commandments of the Douai Version of the Bible, forbidding adultery and coveting of a neighbor's goods.

Undiscouraged by his certainty that religion will never have a very strong foothold among the materialistic inhabitants of the Northwest Territory, Bishop Fallaize nevertheless gives Christianity much credit for civilizing them.

Carries Supplies—Yearly he takes food, clothing and materials to the scattered settlements on the lakes and rivers of his diocese. Traveling sometimes on foot and by dog-sled, sometimes by boat and occasionally by plane, he is greeted at each stop by chattering crowds of curious Eskimos. Inside box-like wooden churches, lighted by seal-oil lamps, he holds mass. Parchment windows and religious paintings by lay brothers on the walls and ceilings make these chapels gayer than the smoky *igloos*. Parishioners huddle on rugs and blankets on the floors.

Navigation through iceberg-clogged waters of his territory is often dangerous. Last year, for twelve days, Bishop Fallaize and eleven natives were caught in ice at Hope Point. A blizzard was raging. The "hide" or cache they'd hoped would provide fish for just such an emergency had been raided by a bear. They could not catch enough fish through the two-foot ice to give them strength. When an American Airways plane found them, they were almost at the end of their tether. A thirty-four-hour trip had turned into a thirty-two-day horror.

Tho he has had adventures galore in his grimly exotic mission Bishop Fallaize remembers most vividly of all an event that followed his elevation to Bishop in 1931. He christened twenty-five Eskimos all at once—more than he ordinarily christens in an entire year.

PLUMED ORACLES: Swallows' Return to El Capistrano Brings Tidings

"*Hay vienen las golondrinas!*" ("The swallows are coming.")

Padres, gardeners and pious visitors at the moldering old Mission San Juan Capistrano, near Los Angeles, hurried out in the gleaming March sunlight one day last week, squinted eyes at a dark cloud off the California shore.

Presently, with a drumming whir of wings, a giant swarm of long-tailed birds swooped into view. Over the narrow valley, thousands of them suddenly detached themselves from the flock and, dissolving themselves into a separate covey, wheeled, circled and landed on the mission.

Some of the birds promptly sloshed about in the big mud-hole in the sun-baked

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patio, pecking hungrily at nest material. Most of them settled noisily in the neat nests under the old *adobe* eaves after routing out their enemies, the swifts.

Once again, the famous swallows of Capistrano had come back. For 161 years, since the now crumbling mission walls were first raised, the flock has shown up with clocklike schedule, on March 19—St. Joseph's day. There, as for generations, they were destined to remain all summer, raise their young, and flutter away again on October 23—San Juan day—to streak in again the next year as sure as death and taxes.

Annual Recurrence—This is no mere pretty legend. Old residents born beside the mission walls have been timing their lives since childhood by the arrival and departure of the swallows. In bright, "good flying" weather, the birds arrive in the morning; in rain or wind not until afternoon. Usually a priest is awakened about 6 A.M. the day before by the scratching of scouts clinging to the bare stone wall. Muddy circles on the wall show that nests had been there the year before.

Father Arthur Joseph Hutchinson, former New York priest, the genial, graying master of the mission since 1934, has noted a monitor system among the scouts. They apparently seem born to the job. Sometimes he has seen 300 of them, and he believes they may be the same birds that form a "flying guard" over the nest builders when the main flock returns.

The swallows evidently retain during their lifetime the ownership of the nests they build. Each bird, upon returning to the mission, unhesitatingly picks out from the hundreds of nests the particular mud-shell it occupied the previous year.

The shells line every crevice of the old stone church and are plastered in rows under the eaves of the convent and tile-roofed *patio*. From October to March, the low-born cousin swift takes them over. This interloper builds no nest, retires to cracks in the stone and *adobe* to live like a bat until the swallow returns. The swift is no coward, and for a while the feathers fly in the brief, decisive battle.

Rain Harms Nests—Father Hutchinson is sorry for the birds this year. A record rainfall during the winter swept down most of the nests, and the job of reconstruction will be a big one. Hours of study of the birds has given the good *padre* a guardian-like love for the flock. He watches for the first neatly halved eggshells on the ground beneath the eaves. They mean fuzzy-winged babes in a short time. Soon after there will come the first training flights, carefully supervised by parents.

"It's just as tho the old folks said, 'Now, don't fly off the mission grounds'," Father Hutchinson relates. "The little ones take a turn around the *patio* and return to the nest with loud chirruping. They drink on the fly, skimming close over the fountain with beaks wide open and taking a quick dip at the water."

Where do the birds go in October? How do they hold to their marvelous regularity? "*Quien sabe?*" shrug the natives. So does Father Hutchinson. In the fall, the birds are restless for a week before San Juan day. They whir noisily across the *patio*, scold the swifts more than usual. For a day or two there are conferences, much apparent excitement and speech-making.

Then, sometime during San Juan day, the swallows from the canyons beyond fly down to the mission and the flock flutters up from the walls. Apparently nothing stumps them. Two years ago, they left on schedule in the teeth of a gale and in a dust storm so thick that the exact time of the departure could not be noted. But in clear weather, the swarm can be seen wheeling in two or three farewell circles over the mission, then heading out to sea while the swifts race to claim the best of the homes for the winter.

Some people believe the swallows go to the Holy Land because similar white-necked birds flit about Jerusalem. Others believe they migrate to South America. Father Hutchinson has not yet banded any of the feathered residents.

At San Juan Capistrano they tell a story of a ship captain who saw the flock fly over his vessel far at sea. Each bird clutched a twig and upon tiring, the flock dropped to the water, resting atop the twigs. There are many other strange tales told about the birds.

Curiously, press photographers never have been able to get a picture of the swallows' arrival and departure. They seem as camera-shy as Greta Garbo, and altho lensmen have haunted the mission for years, the birds always have outwitted them.

Education

SIT - DOWN STUDENTS:
Campus Strikes Cover Varied Complaints

How to harass tyrannical teachers always has been an exasperating problem to students everywhere. Last week, on many a high school and college campus, they took a lesson from their elders, shouted "Eureka!" as they hit upon the sit-down strike to air their grievances.

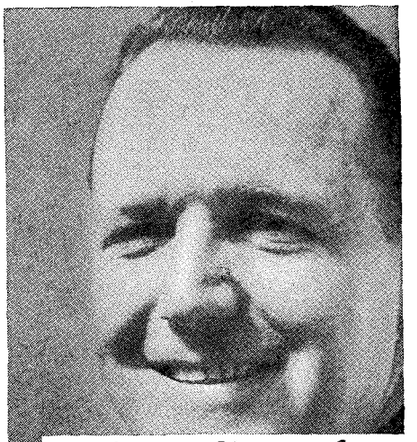
Unlike the serious strikes of industrial warfare, most of the adolescent sit-downs were undergraduate larks. The prize incident of the week was staged at the University of Pittsburgh.

With the presses waiting for the March issue of the *Pitt Panther*, Editor Irene Mathilda Matveak, first co-ed to hold the job, discovered her male staff doing a firm sit-down in protest against her blue pencil. She got other students to promise contributions. When the sit-downers heard this, they capitulated after a two-day campus flurry.

At Kansas State College, Manhattan, journalism students held a "sit-down encampment" to show the need for a new physical science building: entrenched themselves in twelve pup tents, set up day and night patrols, announced they would stay until Gov. Walter Husman and the Legislature passed a bill for a $250,000 structure.

At Atlanta Boys' High School, Editor Calvin Kytle pulled his entire staff of *The Tattler* down in the chairs. Grievances: Lack of a journalism course, bad typographical appearance of their paper.

Down in Dormitories—At the Nashville, North Carolina, Normal and Teachers' College, students sat down in dormitories and refused to go to classes because they claimed President John E. Calfee had



Winter discomforts often reach their peak—in months when *your general resistance* is low....

You may think they should be over by now—those common, winter conditions—but unfortunately this "in-between" season is often the time of greatest risk for them.

One explanation is that you start the season with a good physical reserve, but little by little you use it up, as the winter becomes more severe. The result is that by March your *general resistance* is low. You have difficulty withstanding winter hazards.

Forewarned, however, you can make an effort to protect yourself. You can begin building up your general *resistance* at once, before they cost you time and comfort. This very day, start with *Adex!*

From Adex you will get plenty of Vitamin A, which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance. You will also obtain extra Vitamin D to help make up for lack of sunshine at this season.

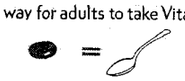
To put all this vitamin richness into a single tablet or capsule, only *natural* sources are used, such as good cod liver oil.

Taken *every day*, Adex will help you go through the winter in comfort. But make it a point to take it *regularly*. Have a package on the breakfast table every morning.

Now at any reliable drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

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WRENCHED BACK WHILE BOWLING

Good, dependable Absorbine Jr. brings quick and welcome relief

WRITES Mr. O. H.,* of Columbus, Ohio: "The boys at the office coaxed me to bowl on the team. As I had never bowled much before, the expected happened when my thumb stuck in the hole of the ball, threw me off balance and I went sprawling and wrenched my back. The pain was severe that night until my wife rubbed me good with Absorbine Jr., which eased the aching. She repeated the application in the morning and I went to work feeling much better. If you wish to, you can tell others about how good I think Absorbine Jr. is as a liniment."

Muscle soreness, aches and sprains find quick relief when there's a bottle of good old dependable Absorbine Jr. in the medicine cabinet. Many doctors, nurses and hospitals recommend it. Don't be without it. Absorbine Jr. is also a famous relief for Athlete's Foot. And you'll find it thrifty to use because a little goes so far. At all druggists', $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**Based on actual letter in our files*

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains and Athlete's Foot

insulted their pride. Insult: Distribution of pamphlets asserting "our students ordinarily subsist at home on a diet of three M's—meat, meal and molasses." They demanded Calfee's dismissal.

At Ithaca College, in New York, Donald Sweet, a 290-pound freshman staged a one-man sit-down deep in his fraternity armchair. He was protesting against Kappa Gamma Psi's initiation hazing, and vowed to "sit here as long as the boys threaten me with paddles."

In Nashville, Tennessee, 400 students of the Hume-Fogg High School went on strike against the cafeteria. "We don't want Western sandwiches—two slices of bread with plenty of wide-open spaces—" was their cry.

At Colby College in Maine, male students picketed the co-eds' dormitories, demanded that Dean of Women Ninetta Runnals reopen the student social room, threatened to sit down in it if she refused.

Instructor Surprizes—At Columbia University's experimental Lincoln School in New York pupils undertook a two-minute classroom sit-down in protest against their Monday German test. The instructor stole a march by springing the test the next day when, disorganized, the pupils thought it had been postponed a week.

At a Detroit Jesuit school, 200 grade school students filed into afternoon classes as their leader shouted, "Strike!" They folded arms, refused to study because, they contended, the Detroit Catholic schools assigned too much home-work. "What we're after," they said, "is shorter hours and no home-work."

At Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, students of the Wyoming Borough High School sat down in protest against delay in occupying the new school building. Finally the eloquence of the Rev. G. F. Haines, whose son was among them, persuaded the group to disperse.

At Urbana, Maryland, fifteen schoolchildren staged a demonstration because of the impassable condition of a road. They had been kept waiting by the bus driver. Displaying protest placards, the students marched into town, sat down on the courthouse steps and left written complaints.

Topics in Brief

THIS BUSINESS of protests from the United States to Germany and *vice versa* is getting too complicated. Why not let the nation that first wins three legs on a protest keep permanent possession?—*John Chapman in N. Y. Daily News.*

IF YOU THINK you are up on current history, tell us quickly who is President of Cuba; or France.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A MISTAKE was made in not having jigsaw puzzles and sit-down strikes come along simultaneously.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

MOSCOW'S TECHNIQUE is now so refined that a plotter against the regime is polished off before you could say *habeas corpus.—Des Moines Tribune.*

DON'T JUMP at hasty conclusions, the President isn't going down to Warm Springs to get hot water to keep the Supreme Court in.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

"NO MATTER what happens, Mrs. Simpson will never write her memoirs."—London News Item. Wanna bet?—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

MOST OF US don't want to hear anything more about strikes until the umpire starts calling them from behind the plate.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

ALL THIS SCRAP-metal for export will not be made into munitions of war. Some of it may be used for shovels.—*Boston Globe.*

THE WHITE HOUSE would have us believe that some of our venerable ornaments of the bench are ready for unveiling in the parks without calling in the sculptor.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

MAYBE THE EUROPEAN father is lucky. Instead of walking the baby around in the middle of the night, he can just attach its gas-mask.—*Jackson News.*

LETTERS TO THE BRITISH PRESS insist that hunting is really kindness to the fox. We don't see it, but *Il Duce* might tell it to the Ethiopians.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A RETIRED TAMPA PRINTER becomes a father for the first time at 79. It must be unconstitutional.—*Miami Herald.*

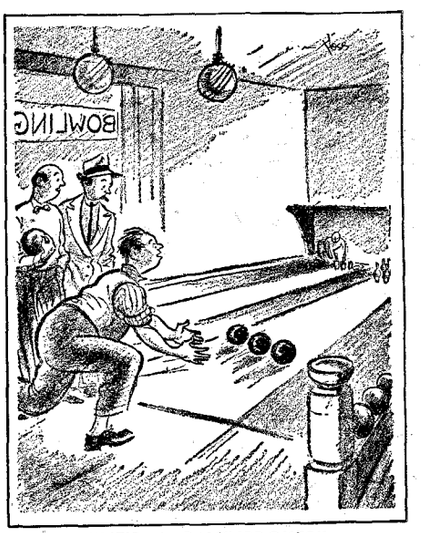
I HAVE no ambition to be the greatest stunt flier in the world. My one ambition is to be the oldest.—*Milo Burcham, stunt flier, in Wilmington News.*

THE UNITED STATES has no monopoly on boondoggling. Take, for instance, the fellow who plans to swim all the way from England to America—in the *Queen Mary's* swimming-pool.—*Battle Creek (Mich.) Enquirer-News.*

TOKIO has a daily newspaper for children. New York has a whole bunch of them.—*Toronto Daily Star.*

SOME ONE OPINES that if the Statue of Liberty were being designed now she would be given the bag to hold instead of a torch.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

GEM of wisdom attributed to a University of Chicago professor is that you can't fall out of bed if you sleep on the floor. So what?—*Arkansas Gazette.*



"HE'S A PAWNBROKER"
—Ross in N. Y. American

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Off-Side

Monkey—According to an Indian newspaper, a new way has been discovered to fill seats in vacant movie theaters. Twenty minutes after the show started in Bangalore, a monkey came through an open door, took a seat. Calmly he watched the film, took his leave at the end.

* * *

Ring—Mrs. David Mann of Niagara Falls, New York, suspects that her pet dog carried her wedding ring in its mouth for three years. Missing since 1934, the ring fell from the animal's mouth as it was being fed. She believes the ring clung to one of the dog's teeth.

* * *

Errand—Twenty-eight years ago Mrs. Emma Simms sent her young son, Charles, to the butcher's for a pound of liver. He recently returned from the errand with the liver—and a wife. He has been living in Anchorage, Alaska, for a few years.

* * *

Debts—The will of Asa Brown of Mountainville, Indiana, designated a son and three grandchildren to share and share alike "all my lawful debts."

* * *

Check—Along with other debris found in Wall Street one evening was a $300,000 check. August Geser, Jr., twenty-four years old, of Secaucus, New Jersey, helper on a motor-truck, was the finder. He gave the check to his father with word to notify New York police.

* * *

Duets—Hundreds of Linton, Indiana, citizens having nothing better to do one afternoon recently, foregathered at the home of William Wilson to hear a singing mouse and a canary, warbling from different cages. According to Wilson the canary was so fascinated at first with his partner he wouldn't sing, but now the pair "tra-la-la" with great gusto.

* * *

Pancakes—Bemoaning the dearth of real pancake eaters in the country, Arvid Kvist of Winter, Wisconsin, wondered how many "flaps" he could really tackle if given some opposition. In a recent contest he stored away thirty-six, with butter and maple syrup, in sixty-one minutes. His father was second with twenty-eight cakes.

* * *

Divorce—The Rev. James P. Sandefur, twenty-two, of Evansville, Indiana, Primitive Baptist Church, won a divorce from his wife, June, nineteen, alleging she made faces at him while he preached. When tired of doing that, he added, she went to sleep.

* * *

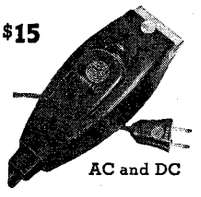
Goat—Some prankish student at the Brighton District High School in Massachusetts stole a goat from the Mindick meat dealers, tethered it to the desk of the Master's secretary. Between the scent and the noise, students were in an uproar until police arrived to lead the disconsolate goat back to its owners.

* * *

Strike—A furniture strike at Owen Sound, Ontario, was kept on a strictly friendly basis when the president of the company took a score of his striking employees on a rabbit hunt, thereby reducing the number of pickets at the plant.

"It isn't a rich man's gadget"

[From the letter of a working man who paid half-a-week's wage for his shaver, and wouldn't sell it for $100 if he couldn't buy another]



Wealth cannot buy more shaving comfort, for it is the same Schick Shaver that is used in humble cottages and in luxurious homes. It brings more pleasure into a man's life than any other personal possession *yet it is the cheapest way to shave.*

It is not an expensive, tricky *gadget* but a new and revolutionary way to shave that is fast changing the shaving habits of the world.

This Amazing Truth

We thought at first that only men with money would buy the Schick Shaver. To our astonishment we found that working men—truck drivers, policemen, postmen, laborers—insisted on giving up the old lather-and-blade method of shaving to use the Schick.

How Much Longer Will You Wait?

More than a million men are daily Schick users. Every day brings new users by the thousand. Doesn't this convince you that it is only a question of time when all men will use a Schick Shaver?

Why do you put off another day the joy of comfortable, painless shaving without lather and blades?

There's A Dealer Near You

Any Schick dealer will demonstrate the shaver to you, explain the advantages of electrical shaving, and tell you how you save enough on blades, soap, creams, etc., to pay for the Schick over and over again.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
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SCHICK SHAVER

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PIN CONGRESS DRAWS ALLEY CHAMPS

Bowling Feature Outdraws Olympics in Its Entries

Pictures, Inc.

17,680 balls will thunder down 26,400 miles of alleys at the A.B.C. tournament

If 8,000,000 perspiring "keglers" make bowling America's most popular indoor athletic diversion (see cover), the game's financial set-up probably qualifies it as the most untypical of the country's major amusements.

For unlike nearly every other sport, bowling tolerates no hypocritical distinction between professionals and amateurs, is not dependent for its existence upon huge gate-receipts, and, in its big tournaments, collects far more money from the contestants than it does from the spectators.

Running full blast in New York City's 212th Coast Artillery Armory this week is the American Bowling Congress, thirty-seventh annual national championships for bowlers. By the time the eight-week tournament is over, on May 4, spectators may have paid $150,000, a minor league "gate." But even before it opened, on March 10, contestants had contributed $217,350 in entry fees.

More than Olympics—A striking example of Americans' tremendous interest in the ancient business of knocking down wooden pins, the current A.B.C. is possibly the largest sporting contest ever held in this country. The nineteen sports events of the Olympic Games at Berlin last summer drew 5,500 athletes, men and women. The bowlers in this year's A.B.C. total more than 22,000.

From all over this country, from Canada, and from Hawaii, they have descended upon New York to compete for $145,000 in prizes. Entry fee for each event is $5 a man. The most an individual can win is $1,020.

First place in the singles is worth $300, in the doubles $500, and the five-man team division, $1,000. The all-events winner, the man compiling the highest nine-game total for his play in all three divisions, gets $175. There are also prizes for high game in the first three events: Five-man team, $75; doubles, $60; singles, $50.

Approximately 8,000 bowlers will win something. But during their eight-week tournament, they will probably spend close to $3,000,000 on transportation, living expenses, and amusements. And consider the money well spent.

Bowlers can't hope to "clean up big" on their ability to knock down more pins than the next fellow. Far more compelling than the money, or the diamond-studded gold medals for first place, is the distinction of being, for a year, the A.B.C. champion.

Chances Even—The way the championship is conducted, almost any one has a chance to win. In each division, a man bowls only three games of the regulation ten innings. He just has to be "hot" for a short while to win the title.

Champions are definitely not favored to repeat. To date, in thirty-six Bowling Congresses, no individual or team has ever won twice, except in the all-events. Only two men have done that.

Staging a show as big as this year's Congress is a formidable business. It's all done according to strict A.B.C. specifications.

Before 1895, bowling was pretty much of a hoodlum sport. Cheap gamblers and bar-room bruisers had just about ruined the game. Even the alleys were crooked. Rolling a perfect score down a time-worn groove was simple.

To give the game some standing, the American Bowling Congress was organized in 1895 in New York City. It standardized dimensions, weights, sizes and rules, and conducted its first national championship at Chicago in 1901.

The twenty-eight alleys in the New York Armory weren't just slapped together, like temporary bleacher seats. They were meticulously built to A.B.C. standards from eleven car-loads of seasoned maple and pine. After being sandpapered to glittering sleekness, the sixty-foot alleys were shellacked seven times. They cost $55,000.

When the tournament is over they'll be sold at auction. Properly sanded and shellacked every twelve months, as A.B.C. rules demanded, they'll still be in service somewhere when the 1977 Congress rolls around.

Brand-new alleys are slippery and skiddy. So, in the Congress, "boosters" bowl first, experts later. A booster is a novice who has never rolled better than 170. It generally takes an average of 225 to win a tournament.

The pins are every bit as carefully made as the alleys. According to an ancient adage, "it takes 150 years to make a bowling-pin," since only the butt cuts of finest grade maple can be used.

The big pins used in the current Congress vary from three pounds, four ounces to three pounds, seven ounces apiece. The lighter ones are used first.

Every team in the Congress has its own set of pins. Total cost is $52,500.

According to Francis Albertanti, ballyhoo-expert *extraordinaire* for the A.B.C., the forty-five pin-boys will have to pick up approximately 47,300,000 pounds of pins during the tournament.

Pin-boys get $5 a day for working in the Congress, and must have had ten years' experience to qualify. All of them this year have worked in the past five Congresses.

Bowling Balls—Aside from the entry fee and ability, the only thing the A.B.C. doesn't furnish a contestant is a bowling-ball. Every man has to bring his own. He wouldn't want to use any one else's, anyway.

Bowling-balls used to be made of stone, later of wood. Nowadays they're almost exclusively made of mineralite and rubber. Good ones cost between $15 and $20. The ones used in the tournament weigh sixteen pounds.

Because of the tremendous entry list, this year's Bowling Congress will be

Pictures, Inc.

Jack Dempsey bowls an average score of 170

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almost a continuous affair until midnight, May 4, when the last pins topple into the pits. The Congress closes every morning at 2, reopens six and a half hours later.

Statistics-minded Mr. Albertanti, whose press releases last spring informed an amused public that Max Schmeling would knock out Joe Louis, estimates the 20,000 entrants will roll a total of approximately 130,000 games, will knock over 14,300,000 pins, and will thunder 17,680 tons of bowling balls down 26,400 miles of alleys during the marathon.

Twelve Strikes—The major ambition of every man entered in this year's A.B.C. is to roll a 300, or a perfect game. It means making twelve "strikes" (knocking down all ten pins with one ball) in a row.

Only four men in A.B.C. history have rolled perfect games during the tournament. The odds against any one's accomplishing it this time are 294,000 to 1.

To get recognition, and a medal, from the American Bowling Congress, a bowler has to roll his perfect game on two standard alleys, alternating each inning from one to the other. That's to prevent a man from simply finding the groove in some ancient alley.

It isn't power, but accuracy that counts most in making a strike. You've got to roll the ball into the "1-3 pocket," just off the right side of the head pin, the one nearest the bowler.

Hitting that pocket at sixty feet, twelve times without a miss, is really something. On the average, the country's 8,000,000 bowlers only roll about 500 perfect games a year.

In less than fifteen years of bowling, Mrs. Floretta D. McCutcheon, of Pueblo, Colorado, the women's champion of the world, has rolled ten perfect games.

Rating—Bowling skill isn't rated according to highest score, but to average score. First-rate men bowlers average around 190. A score of 150 is considered excellent for women, who use a twelve-pound ball.

The most amazing exhibition so far in the Bowling Congress was the first appearance last week of two teams of blind bowlers from the Lighthouse Welfare Center of the New York Association for the Blind. The only assistance given them was to lead them to the center of the alley, a few feet back of the foul-line. Only one man stepped across the foul-line, a fault quite common among normal bowlers.

The highest scorer among the ten blind men was Carl Rice, an Englishman who works as a Braille writer. Rice bowled 196 on his third game. He has bowled 257, only 17 short of the best score turned in the first week of this year's tournament.

Like his team-mates, Rice has a super-developed sense of hearing that almost compensates for his lack of sight. Usually he can tell what pins are standing after the crash.

Rice is a good bit better than the average-sighted bowler. He probably wouldn't have too much trouble taking over Jack Dempsey. The ex-heavyweight champion usually bowls around 160, and will roll with his own team Wednesday night, March 31.

Mr. X—The fact that unknowns usually win the A.B.C. championships is probably the key to bowling's recent surge into immense popularity all over the country. Most of the A.B.C.'s 300-score medals go to men and women who average under 160. A perfect score is always within reach, regardless of age, sex or physical development.

New York City has been an active bowling center since 1626, when the Dutch introduced the game, but the Midwest has for years had the most patrons of the sport. First bowling city in the country is Chicago. Detroit, Milwaukee and Cleveland rate next, in bowling population and number of alleys.

Probably the most important bowling groups in this country are the thousands of office and factory teams, organized into leagues which play one or two nights a week in public alleys.

During the past twenty years, more than 100 large corporations have installed alleys for their employees, and have encouraged the game as a distinct aid to better intrashop conditions.

Duck-Pin—The enormous number of women bowlers also tends to indicate the game is definitely here to stay. The Women's International Bowling Congress, similar to the men's A.B.C., was organized in 1916, and now has a membership of about 15,000. Its annual tournament draws about 7,000 entrants.

Not to be confused with the standard game of American Ten Pins is a comparatively recent sport known as Duck-pin bowling. Duck-pins, and balls, are smaller.

Mainly an Atlantic Seaboard sport, it is likewise organized into a National Congress (formed in 1927) and boasts 125,000 league duck-pin bowlers.

MASTERS' TOURNEY:
Golf's Best to Compete in Augusta Open

Not the richest or most important but, to the average duffer, certainly the most interesting of the winter and early spring golf tourneys is the Augusta National Open, celebrated as the Masters' Tournament.

The reason: Robert Tyre "Bobby" Jones, Jr., whose only appearances in competitive golf since his retirement in 1930 have been in the Masters' of 1934, 1935 and 1936.

On April Fool's day next, when the field tees off at Augusta, Georgia, for the fourth renewal of the tournament, the eyes of the golfing world will once again be centered, not on the other champions, past and present, against whom he will compete, but on Jones.

Possibly the "greatest golfer of all time" may April Fool everybody, including himself, by outswatting the field during the four-day tournament. Probably he won't, for the former "Emperor" Jones who retired wisely after winning the four most important championships in the world in 1930 (British and American Amateur and Open), now spends more time with the law than on the links, and has an added handicap in being the Masters' host.

Emperor's Record—When the field drove off for the first Masters', in 1934, on the course which Jones and Dr. Alister Mackenzie designed as the "golfers' dream," public sentiment made Bobby the favorite. He finished in a tie for thirteenth place.

In 1935, still a favorite in the betting, he finished in a triple tie for twenty-fifth. In rounds of practise play last spring, Jones

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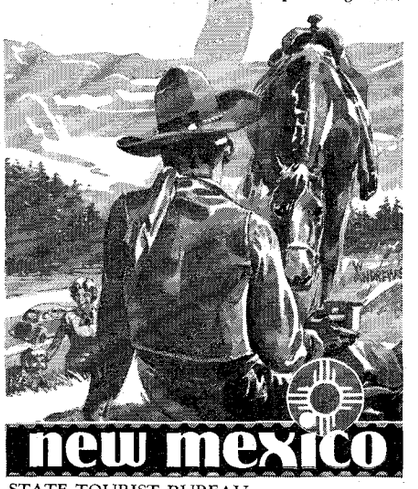

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burned up the course with brilliant, sub-par golf distinctly reminiscent of the near-perfect game he once played. He promptly became the favorite for the third time. There were forty-five in the tournament. Jones finished in thirty-third place.

Only the top-flight golfers of the United States and Great Britain are invited to enter the Masters'. American player invitations go to members of the Walker and Ryder Cup teams: the first thirty in the last Open championship; the last eight survivors in the National Amateur; past and present Professional Golfers' Association champions, and the top thirty in the previous Masters'. Technically, the last bracket would automatically eliminate Jones.

Favorites—Because he has won two of the three Masters' Tournaments, a likely prospect for this year's renewal is twenty-nine-year-old Horton Smith, a tall, blond professional who likes loud shirts and lemonade.

Smith's voracious appetite for the dessert long ago won him the nickname of the "Ice Cream Kid," his Missouri birthplace the less-familiar cognomen of the "Joplin Ghost."

He won the first Masters' and $1,500 with a 284 for the 72 holes.

Gene Sarazen won the play-off from Craig Wood in 1935. Last spring, in a pouring rain, Smith took chance after chance in his final round, finally winding up first again with a 285 and another check for $1,500.

Most promising of the younger golfers making the winter circuit this year was twenty-four-year-old Sam Snead, who will be among the experts at Augusta on April first.

Snead started the winter circuit as an unknown. He wound up as the second leading money-winner. In the first six weeks after New Year's, he gathered in $2,945 in prize-money. Harry Cooper led the parade with $4,440.

Snead was born at Hot Springs, Virginia. By the time he was eight he knew he wanted to be a golfer.

He whittled a set of sticks for himself. Two years later, he was a caddie on the Hot Springs course, and acquired a set of second-hand clubs.

Fred Glein, Jr., the Hot Springs professional, gave him a job making clubs, and helped him with his game. Since going on the big time, Snead has won the West Virginia Open, the P.G.A. Tournament at White Sulphur, the Oakland, California, Open, and the recent Bing Crosby amateur-pro invitation event.

His ambition is to win the National Open and get a place on the Ryder Cup team. Since he has maintained an average of 71 in his first season of tournament play against the best professionals in the game, it looks as if he'll realize his ambition.

With a golfing name as well-known as Snead's was unknown at the start of winter tournament play this year, William Lawson Little, Jr., might easily be the dark horse of the coming Masters' Open.

Last April, just before the tournament opened, Little, who had been king of the amateurs for two years, announced he was turning professional. In his first appearance as a pro, the San Francisco golfer finished the Masters' Tournament in a five-way tie for twentieth place.

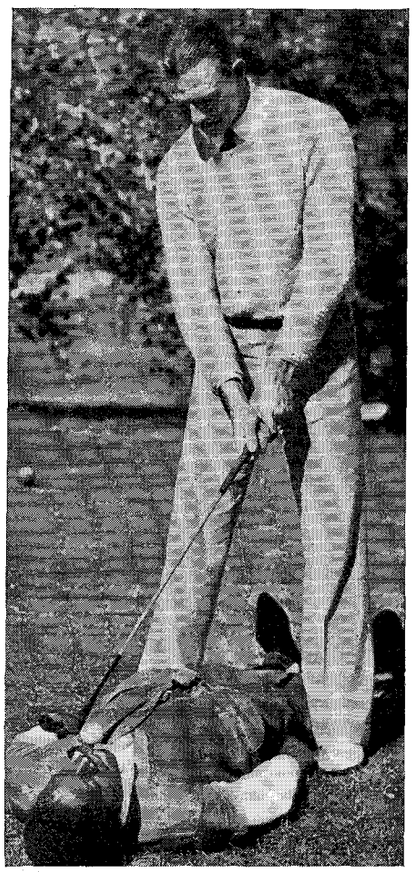
In succeeding professional tournaments last year, Little lived up to the expectations of veteran pros, who warned him he would find the money game far tougher than the amateur variety.

Most professional tourneys are played on a medal (lowest total score), most amateur on a match (hole for hole) basis. A formidable expert at match play, Little won the San Francisco Open last January. The $1,000 check, plus $70 he won in the (Houston, Texas), Open two weeks later, made him the seventh highest money-winner for the first six weeks of play this winter.

Tour Value—Whether the winter "Golden Golf Tour" is worth it is a question on which not every professional is agreed. Offhand, Cooper's take of roughly $700 a week, and Snead's of almost $500, would make the tournament tour a highly pleasant junket for a good golfer.

One who doesn't hand it much is Clarence Clark, an entrant in this year's Masters' Tournament.

"It is a known fact," wrote Clark in the P.G.A. magazine, "that the only professionals who have any money are those who did not follow the 'golden golf trails.' Yet every year you will see several young professionals going out on the tournament tours trying to win their expenses. Most of them go far into debt.



Sam Snead, promising young entry in Masters' Tourney, exhibits precision in teeing-off

"There have been many cases where it was necessary to take up collections among professionals to send boys home whose games had failed them.

"I have made the tour of the winter season four times. The purses were much larger then, and I was very lucky. The least I ever won was $1,800, the first year I took the trip; and the most $2,300.

"My expenses have never been less than $2,500."

SPORT SHOTS

The fastest speed ever attained by an automobile is 301.1292 miles an hour, made on the Salt flats at Bonneville, Utah, in 1935 by Sir Malcolm Campbell's *Bluebird Special*.

Because he promised his family to stop trying for new motor-car records once he reached 300 miles an hour, the famed British sportsman will not challenge his own world mark.

In London last week, Sir Malcolm announced he has been working for eighteen months on a 2,000-horse-power racing boat to test theories of water speed previous to challenging, later on, Gar Wood's record of 124.86 miles an hour.

A year after he set the world motor-car speed record of 231.362 in 1929, Sir Henry O. D. Segrave attempted to lower the speedboat mark, also held then by Gar Wood. The boat overturned and Segrave was killed.

* * *

To make basketball faster and more interesting, rule-makers of the National Committee convening in Chicago last week voted to eliminate one of the game's oldest features: the center jump. Hereafter, the tap will be used only to start the game and the second half, and after free throws for technical and double fouls.

* * *

The most closely monopolized racket game, indoors or out, is amateur squash tennis, whose national championship up to last week had been won for seven straight years by Harry F. Wolf, of the New York Athletic Club.

In New York City last week Wolf won his eighth championship by defeating Philip T. Moore in straight sets, 15-6, 15-11, 15-7, prompting sports writers to comment that, barring the appearance of another prodigy, nothing but old age and infirmity could ever take the title away from him.

* * *

The fastest mile runner in the world is Glenn Cunningham, holder of the outdoor (4 minutes, 6⅞ seconds) and indoor (4 minutes, 8⅘ seconds) records. Last week, in the eighteenth annual Knights of Columbus meet in New York City's Madison Square Garden, Cunningham wound up a perfect record of victories in this year's indoor campaign by winning the fifth mile run (others, the Curley, Wanamaker, Hunter and Baxter) of the season: The Columbian.

Cunningham's time, 4 minutes, 8⅞ seconds, was the fourth fastest ever recorded, on boards or cinders.

* * *

Thousands of men, women and children in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan this week are putting polishing touches on their dip-net fishing technique in preparation for the third annual Escanaba Smelt Jamboree.

Armed with dip-nets 18 inches in diameter at the most, the fishermen will line the mouths of streams to wait for the first of literally millions of smelts *en route* from Lake Michigan to their spawning-grounds. Last year participants in the three-day Jamboree scooped out 600 tons of the silver-bellied fish.

To celebrate the run, fishermen will march in parades, attend banquets and entertainments, and witness the coronation of a King and Queen of Smeltiana.

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Finance and Industry

SOUTH DRAWS MIGRATORY INDUSTRY

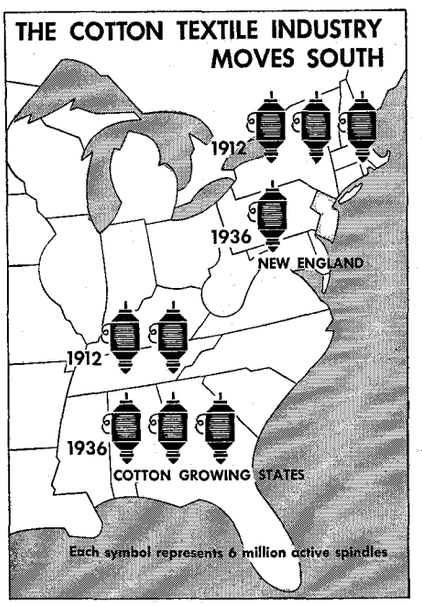
Municipalities Make Attractive Concessions to Northern Firms

In Vicksburg, Mississippi, last week, long-faced merchants formed excited knots outside their shops. The Vicksburg Garment factory had shut its doors to thwart a sit-down strike of 200 $7- and $8-a-week girl employees. The shut-down had dried up a pay-roll of $3,000 monthly.

This was bad enough. Worse still, the merchants had dug into their pockets to the extent of $80,000 to finance the plant and so to lure a Northern manufacturer to Vicksburg. Now their $80,000 investment was imperiled.

In Raleigh, North Carolina, 700-odd miles away, State officials knit their brows over the "go-getter" activities of some of their own municipalities and warned:

"There is reason to believe that several North Carolina communities will have the



opportunity of landing cotton garment manufacturing establishments. The community will be required to put up a few thousand in cash, provide quarters at low rent, or no rent at all, waive taxes for five years, pay water and power bills for the same period.

"We most urgently suggest that every community to which such an 'opportunity' is offered be very careful about signing on the dotted line. . . . Many communities in the State are sick of such bargains and wish they had never heard of such establishments."

Chimneys Rising—To observers, the shut-down at Vicksburg and the warning at Raleigh were part of the mounting evidence of the South's industrial growing-pains. At a swiftly accelerating pace, factory chimneys are rising in Dixie where only cotton and sugar-cane and tobacco had risen before. The Vicksburg and Raleigh incidents furthermore pointed up another economic phenomenon—the migration of industry in general and the flight of Northern cotton garment factories to the South in particular.

The spectacle of industry on the march is not new. New England, for example, boasted prior to 1900 of 90 per cent. of the textile spindles whirring in this country. To-day, New England can record only 25 per cent. of active spindle hours. The South, for the most part, has gained what New England has lost.

The trek of textiles southward is no less impressive than the march of shoes away from the Atlantic seaboard. Shoe production once centered in Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. By 1914, almost half of production had headed west and had located chiefly in the Mid-west. By 1933 shoe production in Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire was reduced to one-third of the nation's output. (The New England industry currently is more than holding its own).

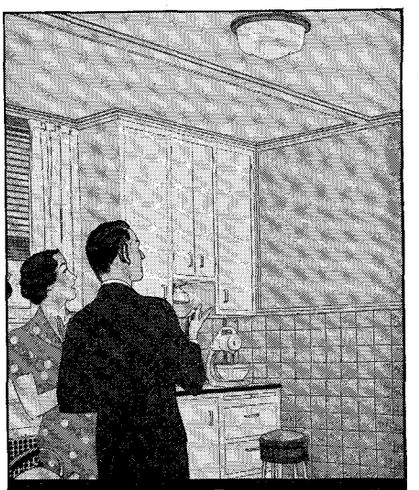
The paper industry is turning its face southeast where fast-growing pine abounds and may soon become the South's newest great immigrant industry. Production there of kraft paper, according to *Business Week*, has leaped from zero to one-third of the nation's entire output. The Union Bag and Paper Co., the Container Corporation of America, the International Paper and Power Co., the Meade Paper and Pulp Co. are putting more than $20,000,000 into plants in the region.

Rayon Moves—Similarly, rayon manufacture is making its home in Dixie, to be near sources of pine and cotton-lint for cellulose and acetate. The Viscose Corporation of America and the rayon division of the du Pont company are expanding plant space in Virginia. Silk-hosiery mills, furniture factories and packing plants also are on the move. The $500,000 Cudahy Packing Co. plant at Albany is the pride of Georgia. Swift and Co. is a relatively recent arrival at Moultrie, Georgia.

Why do industries move? They move in search of less burdensome taxes, of less restrictive labor laws. They move also to be nearer to raw material supplies, transportation and power facilities.

In States like Wisconsin, Massachusetts and New York, which have pioneered in labor and other social legislation, the flight of industry has alarmed Governors and Mayors and, incidentally, has supplied opposition parties with political ammunition. New England's six Governors formed the New England Council (LITERARY DIGEST, November 28) to stem migration of industry and to rehabilitate communities from which industry had fled or in which it had died. In New York City, a committee was formed to gage the tide of industry ebbing from the metropolis. From Milwaukee, Mayor Daniel W. Hoan now spurs on a Committee of the American Institute of Municipalities which also is grappling with the migration problem.

Labor-unions, too, know what it is to worry over "runaway" industries. In Milwaukee, the Weyenberg Shoe Co. posted a bulletin-board notice which warned that the company would leave the city if unionization were attempted. Employees thereupon promptly dropped a carefully-planned unionization drive. But the company moved anyway. Merrill, Wisconsin,



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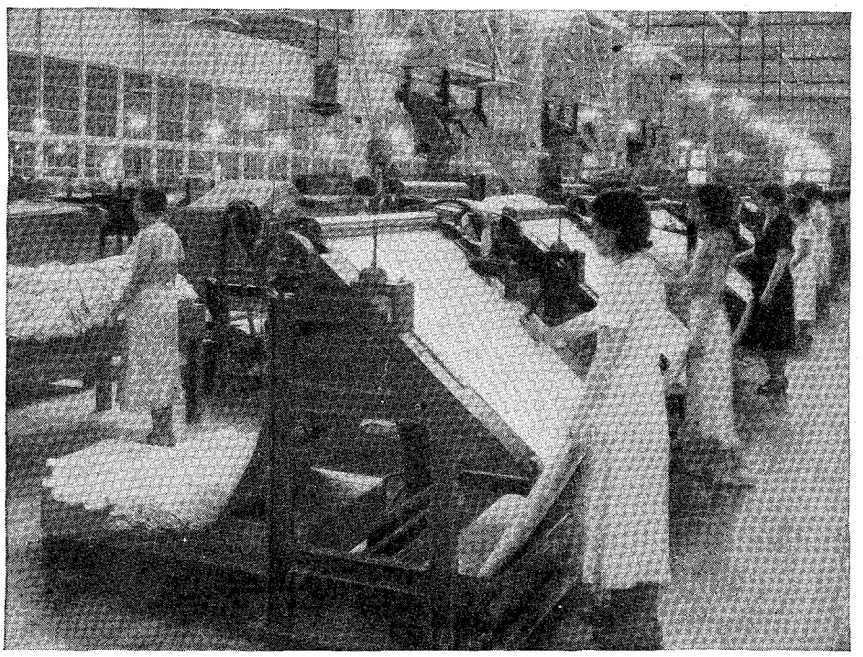
offered it a rent-free, tax-free building, and even lent it $100,000 to help move its machinery.

In New York City, last January, the Blue Dale Dress Co. signed a contract with a labor-union, then later packed its machines and made off to Archibald, Pennsylvania. A Supreme Court Justice in effect ordered the company back to New York. The dress company's contract with the union had contained a clause binding the company not to move out of the five-cent street-car fare zone.

Industries are leaving congested areas to locate in outlying "satellite" areas. The most important *trek*, however, is to the South, and the reasons are apparent. With the exception of Texas, Louisiana and Florida, where *per capita* incomes compare favorably with the rest of the country, the Southern States comprise America's most economically depressed areas. *Per capita* income in Mississippi, for instance, was $170 in 1935, against a $408 average for the rest of the country. This means that the rural Mississippi population sees practically no cash the year round. It means also that wages of $4, $5 and $6 weekly constitute more income than destitute tenant farmers have seen for a long time.



Philip D. Gendreau

Mills like this, once confined to New England, are migrating Southward

This poverty has given rise to a new type of carpetbagger, the industrial invader. Relief-ridden communities, starved for cash, offer lavish inducements to Northern manufacturers to come South.

Legitimate industry which seeks to maintain wages in the South has watched the industrial carpetbaggers' invasion with alarm. Goods manufactured at depressed wages move into competition with products of the high-standard-of-living East and North. Thus they further threaten the existence of manufacturers who are hemmed in by workmen's compensation laws, hour regulations, rigid inspections, union-labor contracts which migrators don't have to worry about.

Industrial leaders and an increasing number of State and local officials in Southern States realize that the economic development of the South, the opening of its markets to manufactured goods, the expansion of its purchasing power, is inevitable. But danger and grief, according to these observers, lie in the impatience of communities which literally give away their shirts to lure factories.

In Tennessee, for example, twenty-one communities have lavished free light and water, tax exemptions, free rent, even plants (paid for with assessments upon the earnings of employees) on immigrant industries. The Tennessee Conference of Social Work now estimates that 70 per cent. of the relief loads in small cities of the State result from unemployment left in the wake of manufacturers who migrated from the North and then migrated elsewhere in the South. These plants (garment and cigar manufacturers) simply packed up their machinery and left.

Thomas L. Stokes, prying into the Southern migratory industries for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, recently discovered what some Northern industries have to expect from the South.

Augusta, Georgia, hungered for a factory. The City Council offered two sites to a prospective immigrant industry. The company replied, according to the New York *World-Telegram:*

"While we would prefer to have a new building designed particularly for our manufacturing requirements, we would be willing to entertain a proposition with you, providing that the City of Augusta would do the following things:

"1. Without expense to us, repair and condition all buildings and property suitable to our requirements as outlined in an attached schedule.

"2. Without expense to us, widen and put in usable condition existing roadways approaching the front and rear of the property.

"3. Furnish railroad siding without expense to us.

"4. Furnish water from city mains free to us for a period of ten years.

"5. Relieve us of all city taxes for a period of five years.

"6. The city or State to pay 50 per cent. of the cost of training operators."

Augusta could only offer free rent for five years, free taxes for five years, widened and improved existing streets, improve a factory building. The prospective immigrant turned up his nose.

Gifts Refused—Cities of 50,000 and more rarely offer such inducements to Northern industry. One company, at least — the Clark Thread Co., which operates a $2,000,000 plant at Austel, near Atlanta, Georgia,—refused any inducements, argued that such gifts would impair its relations with the public.

Mississippi, however, gives official sanction to the subsidizing of immigrant industries. Late last fall, Gov. Hugh White won the State Legislature over to a program aimed at "balancing agriculture with industry."

The plan encourages communities to issue bonds to erect and equip factories if necessary to attract manufacturing. The law embodying the plan makes no mention of wages or hours.

The Tupelo (Miss.) *Journal* sent reporters to newly arrived garment factories in Mississippi communities. At Columbia, they discovered in a house-to-house canvass of employees that wages in the town's new shirt and pajama factory averaged $9 weekly. Many girls, recruited from the countryside, spent $1.50 of this for transportation.

In Hattiesburg, a storekeeper showed a reporter a 97-cent check. A girl employee at the garment factory had received it as pay for two weeks. The girl had worked every day for that period, but had received credit for 3.24 standard hours (hours in which a certain minimum of work is achieved).

Skilled operators at the Hattiesburg plant received $9.50 to $10 for fifty hours' work. The NRA minimum for similar work in the South was $12 weekly.

Utilities Lead—Migration to the South both by legitimate and carpetbag industries has been accelerated by the public utility companies in the area, which thus expand their markets for power. The Commonwealth and Southern Corporation maintains an industrial development department in New York, which serves as a sales promotion manager for seventy-five Chambers of Commerce in the South.

Last year the Commonwealth and Southern's department helped bring ninety concerns to the South. These concerns, essentially, were not migrators but established additional branches in the South (with subsidy help).

Representatives of the utility company hunt up prospective industrial immigrants, check their credit standing, advise a Southern community as to their desirability. The Commonwealth and Southern helped bring the Reliance Manufacturing Co. of Chicago to Hattiesburg. The company had been organized in 1898 to avail itself of Wisconsin convict labor contracts. Subsequently it obtained similar contracts from Rhode Island, Connecticut, Indiana and New Jersey. The movement of prison-made goods in interstate commerce is now barred.

The Electric Bond and Share Corporation, which also operates utilities in the South, similarly retains an industrial development counsel to interest Northern prospects.

Triple Play—Sometimes the company's operating subsidiaries kill two birds with one stone. For example, the Crystal Springs (Miss.) Chamber of Commerce

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wanted a factory. The Mississippi Power and Light Co. (an Electric Bond and Share subsidiary) wanted to buy the city's municipal power plant.

The town and the utility company made a deal. The Chamber of Commerce organized a corporation which received $30,000 from the utility concern in order to build a garment factory. Then the city received $302,000 for its power plant. The industry moved into Crystal Springs' new factory and promised to pay $12 weekly in wages. But merchants declare that weekly checks now average $5.

Some Chambers of Commerce, however, have also attracted industries which have become assets to their communities. The Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, for instance, is proud of bringing Cluett and Peabody (Arrow shirts) to Atlanta and the Goodall Manufacturing Co. (men's clothing) to Knoxville, Tennessee. Wages at these concerns are 20 to 25 per cent. greater than those paid by the migratory garment makers.

In defense of its record, the Commonwealth and Southern development department also points to a report of the Southern States Industrial Council. This report indicates that average wages paid by eight reporting cotton-garment manufacturers employing 1,255 workers were $13.33 per forty-five-hour week. (September, 1936.) In 141 cotton textile plants employing 109,000 workers, wages averaged $13.14 each thirty-seven-hour week.

Last week the Committee for Industrial Organization turned its attention to the textile industry, both North and South, and declared through Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, that it intends to unionize 1,250,000 workers. Of these 300,000 are in the South.

With isolated exceptions organizers from the North have been unable heretofore to gain even a modest foothold in newly arrived Southern industry. Now, in contrast to the forty-odd organizers who have been working in the South, the C.I.O. plans to send an army of several hundred men.

RAILWAY EXPRESS: Delivery Business Grows From Carpetbag to Air Lanes

The express business of the United States was humbly born ninety-eight years ago this month in young Billy Harnden's carpetbag. Last year, concentrated in the Railway Express Agency, the industry handled more than 130,000,000 shipments by rail, water and air and used the services of 57,000 employees.

It was Billy Harnden who first had the express idea. In his carpetbag he carried a few parcels from Boston to New York intermittently. To-day, Railway Express Agency boasts continuous service on more than 230,000 miles of railroads, 28,000 miles of airways and 20,000 miles of steamship routes, linking 23,000 offices and 216 cities in the United States and Canada, requiring the use of 10,000 delivery trucks.

The story of the industry's development has romantic angles. In the beginning, Alvin Adams quickly became Harnden's competitor between New York and Boston, and Henry Wells set up a stage-coach service between Albany and Buffalo. Both names soon became express service symbols. Discovery of gold in California and the spread of mining camps through the West produced express stages and the pony express system long before railroads appeared. The War Between the States expanded the business of express organizations rapidly and made some of them suspects of treasonable operations.

Dominant Four—In time there came to be a score of sizable express corporations with a dominant Big Four—Adams, American, United States and Wells, Fargo. Postmaster General John Wanamaker once named these as the four reasons why the United States had no Federal parcel post system. Ultimately, however, parcel post came, and express company business dwindled. Presently, one of the dominant four—United States Express—ceased to exist. When the Government took over the country's railroads after it entered the World War, Railroad Administrator McAdoo told the various express concerns he would do business with only one, and gave them only a few days to consolidate. The result was the American Railway Express Co., in which most of the others were merged.

Eight years ago, eighty-six leading railroads of the country took over that concern, and have since operated it as the Railway Express Agency. All its stockholders are railroads, and their representatives make up its directorate. Practically all its officers are men who learned the business in one or another of the component companies. Except for Southern Railway's own Southeastern Express Co., the Railway Agency now does all the nation's express business. The old Adams Express Co. has become a security holding corporation, such as Wall Street calls an investment trust. The old American Express Co. is the travel agency and traveler's check subsidiary of a great banking organization. Other former express companies have similarly gone into special lines or have disappeared.

Air Express—With the development of modern commercial air travel, express service has notably kept pace. Last year, Railway Express Agency expanded its contracts so as to include every major American air-line except TWA, and flew more than 2,000 tons of freight. Closely coordinated with rail express, the service gained rapidly in popularity, and gross revenues from it increased 67 per cent. over the preceding years.

As operated by the Railway Agency, express service means door-to-door pick-up and delivery. Gathered from shippers by trucks, shipments are so routed as to insure most rapid transportation and delivery, and each railroad or air-plane company which carries the shipment receives payment in proportion to the distance of its carriage.

Chiefly, the transportation is that of parcels and luggage, but the service goes far beyond that. The Railway Express organization will make collection of notes or mortgages, will obtain signatures to documents, pay taxes, make bank deposits, examine public records, purchase goods, renew pawn-tickets or redeem the articles they represent. In addition, the company is represented at nearly 4,000 Western Union offices to facilitate the business of shippers.

Railway Express employees tell of many surprizing shipments they have handled. Transportation of race-horses by rail and motor-van is commonplace. Wedding-suppers are sent from city hotels to country houses. Many pets of all kinds, including lions and leopards, are on the company's way-bill records. A collection

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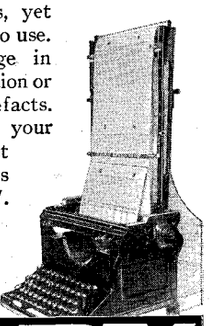

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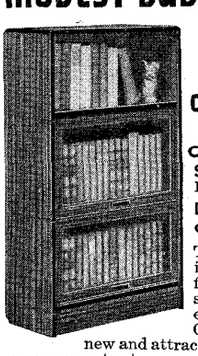

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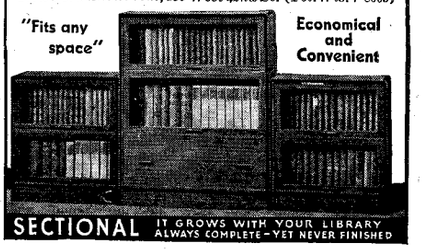

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of 200 monkeys has been expressed across the country at the demand of a motion-picture director in Hollywood. A snake which got loose in an express-car could not be secured until the car was iced and eighteen feet of dormant serpent collected. An army of insects was once sent by airplane and dirigible (the *Hindenburg*) from Hawaii to Kenya Colony in East Africa (15,000 miles), where they were badly needed to destroy another variety of insect.

INFLATION HAZE: Officials Warn Nation as Prices Continue to Rise

Smoldering fear of inflation evils suddenly flashed into flame through the country last week when Washington developments strongly encouraged suspicion that foresight of an inflation crisis is the real but undisclosed reason for President Roosevelt's insistent demand for an obedient Supreme Court (see page 4).

Sustained upward trends of commodity and merchandise prices, heavy selling of government bonds at declining prices, increasing certainty of greater labor costs and lessened production, new omens of stiffer money rates—all these contributed to heighten anxiety over inflation possibilities. Most startling and impressive, however, were the seeming indications that the Administration plans to control inflation when it becomes dangerous by use of extraordinary dictatorial powers, rather than to check it before the danger-point is reached by earlier use of measures already available.

Not merely to anti-Roosevelt partizans and conservatives, but to many an open-minded business man as well, such planning seemed highly perilous. Outcry against it registered increasing volume, and business sentiment developed new uneasiness.

Administration Warnings—In particular, statements made by Federal Reserve Chairman Marriner S. Eccles and Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace were translated as indications that the inflationary consequences of huge government borrowings and spendings are not to be halted by edict at this time, nor perhaps until they compel the granting to the Government of unprecedented power to regulate wages and prices.

The inflation that is threatened is not that of currency but of prices. It would necessarily involve a sharp rise in the cost of living and a consequent diminution in the goods-value of wages. It might well wipe out all the recovery-gains in public buying power made since 1932, including union labor's wage advances and the Social Security benefits and pensions to which it has been so largely due.

The effect of that destruction upon political fortunes and positions is easily predictable, and desire on the part of the Administration to avoid it without first resorting to unpopular economies is *quite understandable*. In the end, however, such avoidance would logically call for the exercise of the dictatorial powers which the Supreme Court denied to the Government when it held the NRA and the AAA to be unconstitutional. Therefore, a Supreme Court which will not oppose a regrant of those powers would be a natural Administration desire.

But Roosevelt opponents and critics last week argued that Supreme Court decisions have had nothing to do with creation of the threat of damaging inflation, that the Government already has ample power to halt such inflation before it gets out of hand or calls for emergency legislation.

The Administration may, they pointed out, voluntarily change the fiscal policies which have kept the Federal budget unbalanced and added $15,000,000,000 to bank deposits in the past four years. It may reduce those deposits by canceling government bonds on which they rest. It needs no new legislation or court decisions in order to economize, to raise taxes, to enforce antimonopoly statutes, to reduce tariffs so as to invite foreign goods into price competition with domestic products, to restrict the use of credit for speculative purposes. It may even revalue the dollar arbitrarily, if necessary, or reduce its high valuation of gold.

Asks Balanced Budget—However, recent discussion of such powers by Administration spokesmen has carried no indication that they are to be put to use—"now." Chairman Eccles pleaded for a balanced budget and even for reduction of the national debt, but he favored neither reduction in government expenditures nor higher money rates. Secretary Wallace wanted new powers for the Government, presumably to fix prices and wages, because it is not now sufficiently powered to prevent wide swings of the business cycle. It is left for the business man and wage earner to assume that this is the Administration's attitude, and that regulation, not prevention, of price inflation is the Administration purpose.

Admittedly, the inflation is already under way and is gaining pace. Altho its dangerous stage is not yet here, fear of its consequences is variously apparent and is not being diminished by the continued absence of safeguards which are not experimental.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

From Russia last week trickled reports that the Soviet Government has amassed a surprizing $7,000,000,000 gold hoard, is pressing South Africa for honors as the world's No. 1 producer.

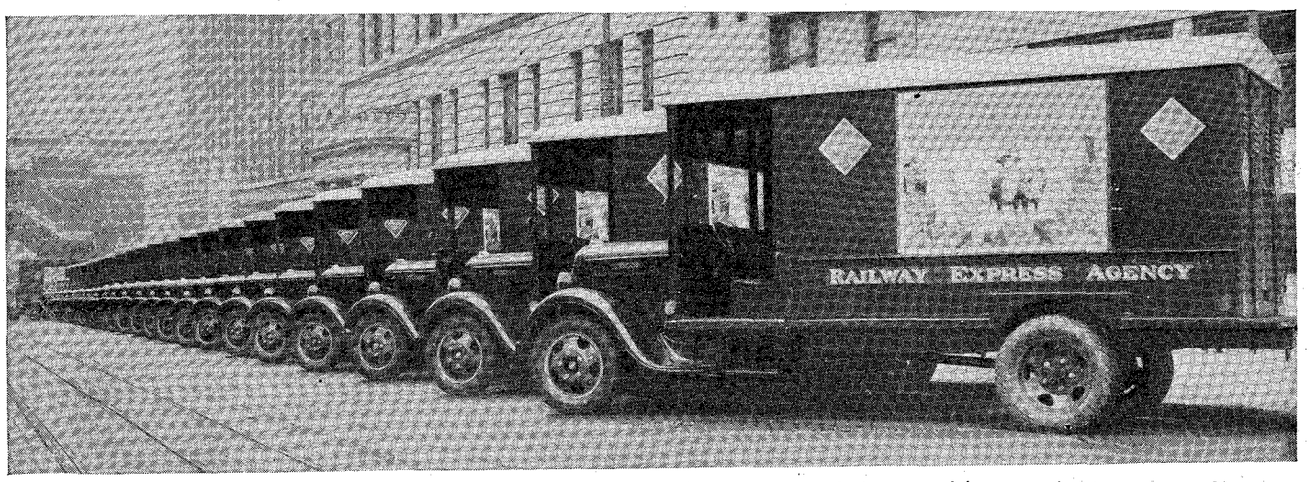
Because *Uncle Sam* still offers a lavish $35 an ounce for gold, America has amassed more than $11,500,000,000 of the yellow metal, the largest hoard in history. And to the New Deal's discomfiture, the supply is still growing. Last week, more than $31,000,000 came to America, was promptly "sterilized" (purchased by the Treasury and put into an "inactive" fund, where it won't swell banking reserves).

Until recently, the Soviets had stored their gold within Russia, nurtured it as wealth that could be promptly translated into purchasing power abroad in case of war. Some gold bars that found their way into the United States Treasury last week, however, bore the imprint of the Russian Government, indicating that the U. S. S. R., like every other producer in the world, is shipping gold to *Uncle Sam* to take advantage of the generous price paid here. In contrast to the American Treasury's $35 an ounce price, the price for gold in London is a little more than $20.

* * *

Between Middleburg and Schoharie, New York, lie 5.7 miles of fruit and produce farms. Over that distance, the Middleburg and Schoharie Railroad, shortest in the world, for years plied its lone, aging engine. In its declining years, the locomotive found it difficult to follow the rusting, twisted rails. Until trucks and buses stole the carrier's passengers and freight away, however, the railroad was the pride of the Schoharie Valley.

Last week, the Middleburg and Schoharie was sold for junk and brought $11,000 at public auction. Tax-collectors and creditors will divide the sum. As junk, the road brought more than it would have yielded as a railroad property. Once John B. Bingham, the road's trustee in bankruptcy, tried to interest the Delaware and Hudson Railroad in it. But that railroad would not take the Middleburg and Schoharie, "even for nothing."



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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

which he assured us that peace can not exist without democracy, it seems shameful to us that tyrannical and antidemocratic rulers like General Benavides in Peru, can stay in power.

In Peru there are more than 5,000 people in jail without charges, 500 exiled and more than 10,000 persecuted. They are tortured and killed while in prison. General Benavides has put a whole country in the hands of a few people. He attempts to provoke international conflagrations in order to hold his power.

Again, may we congratulate you for your healthy attitude toward the present Peruvian Government? Santiago, Chile.

Tho the article was intended to be an unbiased presentation of the Peruvian situation and did not favor any one political faction, we are glad that it was appreciated by the *Apristas.—Editor.*

Correction

By CHARLES P. STEWART, Central Press Columnist—

I don't so much mind having THE LITERARY DIGEST call me a "lesser" Washington columnist . . . but I do draw the line on being referred to as seventy-three years old.

If I'm that old, I'm overdue for retirement, according to President Roosevelt's Supreme Court rule, and I'm not eligible to do so on full pay, as per the Presidential plan. . . . Washington, D. C.

The youngish Mr. Stewart is sixty-three years old.—*Editor.*

Soviet Constitution

By WILLIAM L. PEET—

In the draft of the new Russian Constitution, Article 33 provided that the Supreme Council should consist of two chambers. Article 35 stated that the second chamber, the Council of Nationalities, "consists of the Deputies selected by the Supreme Councils of the Union and Autonomous Republics of the Soviets of Toilers Deputies of the autonomous regions."

However, Article 134 provides that Deputies of the Supreme Council of the U.S.S.R., which includes the Council of Nationalities, "are elected by the voters." And in Article 139 I find that the election of all Deputies, "including the Supreme Council of the U.S.S.R., are elected by the citizens by direct vote."

Was the conflict of methods corrected when the Constitution was finally appraised? If so, which method was adopted? Palo Alto, California.

In the final draft of the Constitution of the U.S.S.R., Article 35 reads: "The Council of Nationalities is elected by the citizens of the U.S.S.R. by Union and Autonomous Republics, Autonomous Provinces, and national regions. . . ." The important change in the article is the addition of the classification "national regions," which includes such groups as the Jewish colonies in Siberia, the Crimea, and the Ukraine. The change was made early in December, during the All-Union Congress of Soviets.—*Editor.*

"IT'S A TOUGH GAME FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T KEEP UP"

—Orr in Chicago Tribune

Did You Know—

That President Taft was the largest audience Jim Watson ever put entirely to sleep with his oratory? (See page 20.)

That actors are never more than thirty-nine years old? (See page 19.)

That one out of every ten persons in the United States is or has been tattooed? (See page 22.)

That a Kansas City woman earns a living answering other people's telephones? (See page 26.)

That motorists who drive through red lights may just be compensating for inferiority complexes? (See page 17.)

That America's 8,000,000 bowlers only turn in about 500 perfect 300's a year? (See page 32.)

That for more than a century and a half the swallows of San Juan Capistrano have returned to the California mission regularly every March 19? (See page 28.)

That the epidemic of sit-down strikes has spread to several American colleges? (See page 29.)

Emotional Age

By WILBUR J. DOWD—

I always enjoy reading the brain-storms of various professors of psychology, astrology, phrenology, mythology, etc. I have just tested my emotional age and I'm still somewhat in doubt as to whether I should be wearing long pants or diapers.

Do I have moods and occasional fits of depression? Of course, I do. The only creatures I know of who are dumb enough to be thoroughly and continually contented are cows. And who wants to be a cow? Am I inclined toward impressing my superiority on other people? Well, what do you suppose I'm writing this letter for? Still, I have never attempted to compile a list of questions as a barometer of any one's age.

I would like to suggest another question to add to the list: Am I honest enough and have I sufficient power of self-analysis to answer the above questions correctly? Yes—2, No—150. Hartford, Connecticut.

By ROBERT A. MARTIN—

Your "Emotional Age" test proved very beneficial to several groups of young folk I tested. My own result was well over twenty-three, and I hope to see more of these interesting tests published in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Masson, Quebec.

Unfortunately or fortunately (depending on the score of the reader), THE LITERARY DIGEST can not claim credit for the origination of the Frederick Test of Emotional Age. As was stated in our article: "Professor Adkison came across the Frederick Test in a text-book by Dr. Wayland F. Vaughan . . ."—*Editor.*

Our Curious Readers

By WALTER BUNCH—

I am in the sixth grade, and our geography class is studying countries of Europe and Asia. Please send me any literature you have about the following countries: Spain, Portugal, Italy, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Japan, China, India, Southeastern Asia and Russia.

Thank you very much. New London, North Carolina.

Rather than shipping Walter that many carloads of our foreign library, we suggest that he look through THE LITERARY DIGEST for the past six months. He will find news stories on every country he has listed.—*Editor.*

Shame

By IRMA HALLEN—

For shame! Calling Antonia Brico a "him" is enough to estrange all your militant feminist readers.

The mistake occurs on the last page of your March 13 issue, under "Name, Please?" but might well be moved a column to the right under the heading "Slips that Pass in the Type." New York City, New York.

We hope our militant feminist readers will be lenient with us.—*Editor.*

Food or Battle-Ships?

By JOHN A. LUCAS—

In New York City alone, the Board of Education tells us, 135,000 youngsters are too weak and undernourished to profit by regular attendance in classes.

If this is true, and no doubt it is, how in the name of common sense, in the name of Christian civilization, can the President of the United States sign his name to a bill to appropriate $100,000,000 for the construction of two battle-ships whose sole purpose is to destroy human life?

Thousands of children in the Nation's largest metropolis are nearly starving for want of the necessities of life—in the face of abundant food supplies. What manner of Government is this that can spend millions for armaments, but lets its own children starve? Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Theater Games

By MORRIS BERICK—

I believe that the attack made in the March 6 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST against theater games is unfair to the small theater exhibitors.

Only a few years ago, when the small independent theater owners were struggling to survive, they had to contend with the sudden popularity of bingo. Often theater property became vacant and bingo games were conducted in theater lobbies, resulting in the loss of jobs for theater employees and the loss of taxes to the community.

Then Twirl-O, Fortune Nite, and numerous other theater games came into existence. They are no different from a merchant's running a one-cent sale, a large department store's selling nationally advertised merchandise below cost, or prizes awarded by large organizations for solutions to puzzles or prize letters mailed in with a cover of their product.

If citizens would do away with all gambling, whether legalized or not, the theater exhibitor would not be compelled to give prizes in order to survive. Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

The Magazine

By HERBERT O. MANCINI—

I wish to congratulate you on the selection of Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture for the cover of your issue of January 23. I have read with great interest the article entitled, "President's Portrait," the difficulties experienced by Margaret White in painting President Roosevelt for the Harvard Club, and the histories of various Presidents and their difficulties in reading their Inaugural Addresses. May THE LITERARY DIGEST continue its peerless reporting forever. East Cleveland, Ohio.

By MABEL T. SAYLOR—

I have been sending THE LITERARY DIGEST to my father in Geneva, Switzerland, for the past five or six years. He writes that after he reads it he passes it on to his English-speaking friends over there, and then gives it to the Library. It is invaluable, he says, and is read and reread by a great number of English-speaking residents of Geneva. Lansdowne, Pennsylvania.

"INTERPRETING THE CONSTITUTION"

—Seibel
In The Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Some Kid.—"My uncle can play the piano by ear."

"That's nothing, my uncle fiddles with his whiskers."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

Ha!—"Listen, I wouldn't cash a check for my own brother."

"Well, of course, you know your family better than I do."—*Pittsburgh Plate Products.*

Not Exactly.—Harry Richman met Jim Farley in Miami, and invited the Postmaster General to go up in his plane.

Farley replied: "Go up in a plane with you? Say, what do you think I am, a ping-pong ball?"—*Leonard Lyons in New York Post.*

Forewarned.—A distinguished visitor to an insane asylum went to the telephone and found difficulty in getting his connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator:

"Look here, girl, do you know who I am?"

"No," was the calm reply, "but I know *where* you are."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

Tricky.—A couple of Yank rookies had themselves a time in a St. Petersburg hotel the other night. One got five ducks and put them in the other's bathtub. The trickster blandly suggested that they flew in the eighth floor window.

"I can understand that," admitted the victim, "but how did they turn the water on?"—*Jack Miley in N. Y. Daily News.*

Gesundheit!—"Name?" queried the new immigration official.

"Sneeze," the Chinese replied, proudly.

The official looked at him warily. "Is that your Chinese name?"

"No, English name."

"Well, let's have your native name!"

"Ah Choo."—*Mutual Magazine.*

Ho, Hum.—The feet of the hill women in the Ozarks, after years of hopping rocks without shoes, naturally become calloused. Charlie Edison recalls that venerable one of a gnarled old woman, barefoot, standing next to the fireplace, the old man nodding near-by. Finally he said: "Maw, you-all is standin' on a live coal."

Without even turning her head, the old lady inquired: "Which foot, paw?"—*O. O. McIntyre in New York American.*

Satisfied.—A very old man was accosted in the village street by a stranger who said, "I beg your pardon, but you must be very old."

"Yep," said the old man, "I'm gettin' on for ninety-six."

"And you have lived all your life here!" marveled the stranger.

"Not yet."—*Weekly News (Auckland, N.Z.).*

Fooled Ya.—A young lady, finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man, "so's the station agent!" and nearly died laughing.

What?—At the Radio City Music Hall they're whispering of a young couple who were seated in the balcony. During the stage show the young man asked an usher where he could get a drink of water. He was given complicated directions: "Go downstairs, turn to your right until you see the crimson rugs, straight ahead until you pass two trees, turn to your left, etc."

He tried to remember the instructions, got lost and wandered vainly about. Finally he came to a stream of fresh water, quenched his thirst and returned to his seat.

"Gee, I missed most of the show," he told his companion. "What happened in the finale?"

"You should know," the lady informed, "you were in it."—*Leonard Lyons in New York Post.*

No Chances.—Mr. Brown was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his death. He rang up his friend Smith.

"Hello, Smith," he said, "have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Er—yes," replied Smith, "where are you talking from?" — *Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.).*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Dykstra—president-to-be of Wisconsin Univ.—*dike'stra (a* of *final).*

Earhart—aviatrix — air-minded: so, *air'heart.*

Creighton—Episcopalian Bishop of Long Island—answers to Irish *crayton* or English *cryton.*

Drossaerts — Catholic Archbishop of San Antonio—just *dross'arts.*

McIlyar Lichliter—Columbus clergyman—as if written *mack-ill'yar lick-light-er.*

Mallalieu — Harrisburg minister — rimes with the first part of *hallelu(jah).*

Mauzé—Kansas City pastor—as if spelled *mo-zay'.*

Wehrle — Catholic Bishop of Bismarck — rimes with *rarely: ware'ly.*

Slips That Pass in Type

CLOSING OUT SALE — Suits, topcoats, o'coats, odd cats, $3 up.—*Syracuse (N.Y.) paper.*

No sale. We have trouble enough in our back yard.

Caldwell's basketball rivalry with Verona has grown in the last few years to the point where neither school's gymnasium can house the remarkable number of roosters.—*Newark (N.J.) paper.*

Giving them the bird?

The puffed sleeves were caught at the wrists. She carried a bouquet of shaded pink tea vases.—*Idaho Falls (Idaho) paper.*

Crockery note.

HELP WANTED—Female woman to do light work for 3 weeks, $5 per week.—*Kenmore (N.Y.) paper.*

Must she be female?

The gold-glittering ballroom, where the President sat, was so crowded that the awed waiters dribbled many a $1.65 drop of diamond back terrain soup au madre on many a hard-boiled shirt.—*Petoskey (Mich.) paper.*

You can hardly blame them.

ELECTRIC WEDDING
INVENTOR IS DEAD
—*Providence (R.I.) paper.*

Of shock, probably.

D—— who lives on East Fiftieth street, was only signed on the back of his head.—*Kansas City (Kans.) paper.*

Super-autograph-hound.

Two days later his doctor allowed him to pick up his bed and talk.—*New York (N.Y.) News-Magazine.*

Gee!

Georgia legislators contributed a bill that would abolish the time-hallowed institution of "horse-horse's age or teeth would be a horse's age or teeth would be a criminal offense."—*Tusla (Okla.) paper.*

Dear, dear.

He deplores the sissification of lushing, with cars crowded with dull, sane people who've never been picked from the butter and hustled off to the psyche ward for a frolic-some bout with delirium tremens.—*Tulsa (Okla.) paper.*

We sissies merely slide under the table and fall gently asleep.

"SPEAKING OF FIRESIDE CHATS"
—Herblock in Arizona Republican

—Shoemaker in Manchester Union

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